The SPHERE

Vol. CXXI. No. 1585 JUNE 7, 1930. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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MARTELL'S 35 CORDON BLEU
YEARS IN CASK
THE COGNAC LIQUEUR BRANDY

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SAINT-LAZARE STATION
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GLENEAGLES HOTEL
GOLF TENNIS DANCING FISHING
SWIMMING RIDING SHOOTING (clay pigeon)
Accommodation should be reserved early. Apply to the Resident Manager, Gleneagles Hotel, Perthshire, Scotland. The Hotel is under the direction of Arthur Towle, Controller LMS Hotel Services, St. Pancras, London, N.W. 1
Direct Restaurant Car and Sleeping Car Services from London (Euston)
The Hotel is open throughout the year

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Extra Dry for England
THE DELICIOUS WHITE LIQUEUR IN THE SQUARE AMBER BOTTLE

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The Hotel in the forest. Just far enough to be near enough

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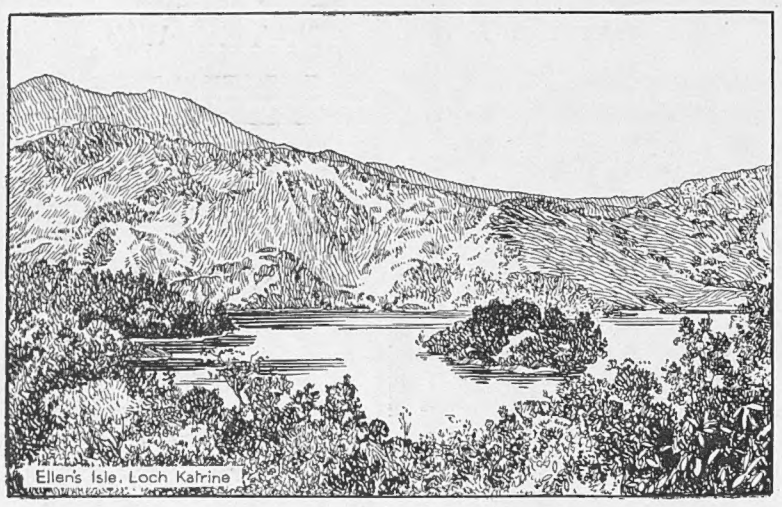
SCOTLAND for YOUR HOLIDAY


Ellen's Isle, Loch Katrine

THE TROSSACHS

An entrancing holiday in a wonder land of natural beauty.

Scott immortalised the fame of this unrivalled beauty spot, but even his gifted pen could scarcely do justice to such wondrous scenes as those which enthral every new visitor to this world-famous part of Scotland.

A land of rolling, rugged mountains, grey rocks and grey stone bridges across shallow streams, shimmering slopes and luxurious vegetation. Every turn unfolds some glorious view.

The wild gorge of the Trossachs itself is a picture of unparalleled beauty. A country to inspire the imagination and fire the heart . . . a country for an interesting and exhilarating holiday.

Send for the illustrated booklet No. 9, "The Trossachs via Aberfoyle," which may be obtained FREE from:—

Passenger Manager, L.N.E.R. { Liverpool St. Station, E.C.2. York; or Waverley Station, Edinburgh.

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860 PAGES—comprising many holiday pictures in photogravure, street plans and maps, and extensive lists of holiday accommodation. The complete Guide to all the places of interest and seaside resorts served by the L.N.E.R. On sale at any L.N.E.R. Station, Office or Agency or from all Booksellers and Bookstalls. Price 6D
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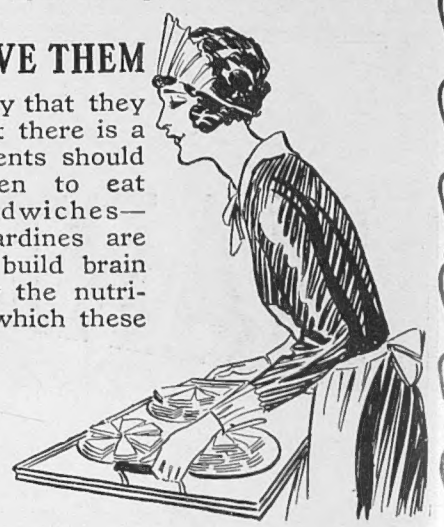
Make these tasty
SARDINE SANDWICHES

Sandwiches made with genuine Peneau Sardines are food in its most appetising and delicious form. Peneau Sardines are the choicest Sardines from the Coast of France and the pick of the catch.

CHILDREN JUST LOVE THEM

because they are so tasty that they tempt the appetite. But there is a greater reason why parents should encourage their children to eat Peneau Sardine Sandwiches—HEALTH. Peneau Sardines are rich in phosphates to build brain and bone reinforced by the nutritive value of olive oil in which these sardines are preserved.



Always ask for Peneau Sardines. They have been famous since 1844.

PENEAU
French SARDINES
in olive oil
FAMOUS FOR OVER ¾ OF A CENTURY · ESTD 1844.

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In Pine Forest near Casino.
5 minutes Golf and Sea : : No Taxes : : Apply for Booklet.

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Germany's greatest Medical Baths. Notable performances in the Kurhaus and State Theatres.
WORLD FAMOUS THERMAL SALT SPRINGS AT 150°.
CURE GOUT, RHEUMATISM, nervous disorders, metabolism, diseases of the respiratory and digestive organs (CURE DIET).
Station of Rhine Steamers at Wiesbaden-Biebrich.

Good accommodation at moderate prices.

Salts and pastilles for export.

Hotel Lists (8,000 beds) from the Municipal Information Office and Travel Bureaux.

Are you Safe on this Vital Point?

Is the toilet paper in your house a *medicated* paper? It should be thoroughly medicated with the most efficient household disinfectant known to science—Izal. Neglect of this important detail of personal hygiene may have the most serious consequences for you and your family.

6D

Medicated
IZAL TOILET ROLL
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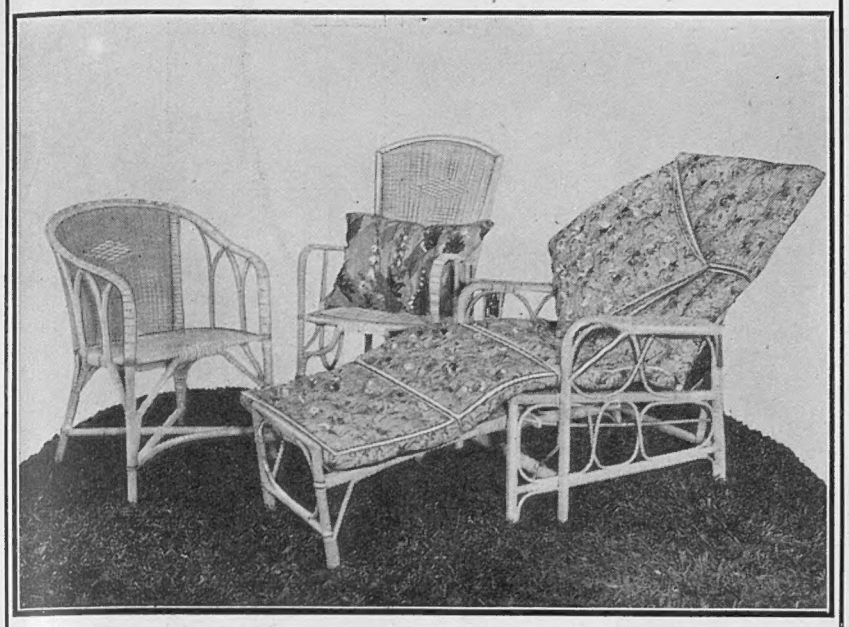
Reasons Why You Should Use
Cuticura Soap

1. It is pure and you should use the best for daily toilet use.
2. It helps to make and keep the skin clear and healthy.
3. It contains medicinal properties so is excellent for skin troubles.
4. It keeps baby's skin healthy.
5. It is excellent for shampooing the hair.
6. It is economical at 1 shilling a cake.

Sold at all chemists. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E. C. 1.

Hot Summer Afternoons



Cane Lounge with extending Leg Rest	**45/6**
Folding Lounge Mattress in Cretonne	**73/6**
Cushion to match	**10/3**
High Back Pulp Cane Chair	**70/-**
Low „ „ „ „	**52/6**

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

(Debenhams Ltd.)

VERE STREET & OXFORD STREET, W.1.

THE NEW CORIUM PULLMAN CASE

Another of our ingenious pieces of modern hand-luggage—made of the wonderful new discovery CORIUM, the lightest material yet used. These hard-wearing cases have met with universal approval and are both distinctive and different. No more trouble to pack than hanging clothes in a wardrobe.

In attractive shade of grained Brown, lined Moirette to tone.

Length 26 in. £5.10.0: 28 in. £6.0.0: 30 in. £6.10.0

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY'S

(Debenhams Ltd.)

Distinctive Luggage Department

70-71 WELBECK STREET, LONDON, W.1.

SWIMMING KIT

HERE at Swan & Edgar are all the most practical and attractive Swimming Suits and Beach Outfits for the holiday season. The good values throughout this section are typical of the house of Swan & Edgar.

Attractive Bathing Suit in all wool elastic knit, with smart stripe design. In black/white, lemon/black, red/white, or blue/white **15/11**

Tight-fitting thick rubber Skull-cap with cut side. In black, white, green, red, yellow, or blue **2/11**

Rubber Swimming Shoes, in black, white, yellow, red, blue, green, or snakeskin **4/9**

Rubber Bathing Bag in tri-colour design **3/11**

Gaily coloured Towelling Wrap with lovely floral design. Folds flat for packing **25/11**

Children's all wool Bathing Costume with white webbing belt. In green, orange, red, or blue, with black trunks. Sizes to fit ages 2 to 14 years **5/11**

Towelling Bathing Coat with border and cord girdle. To fit ages 2 to 12 years **13/11**

Waders in multi-coloured rubber. To fit ages 2 to 6 years **3/11**

Swimming Kit—Fourth Floor.

Rubber Bathing Belt that gives a perfect silhouette. Waist and hip measurements required.

12/6

Rubber Bodice to slip over head. Please give bust measurements when ordering by post.

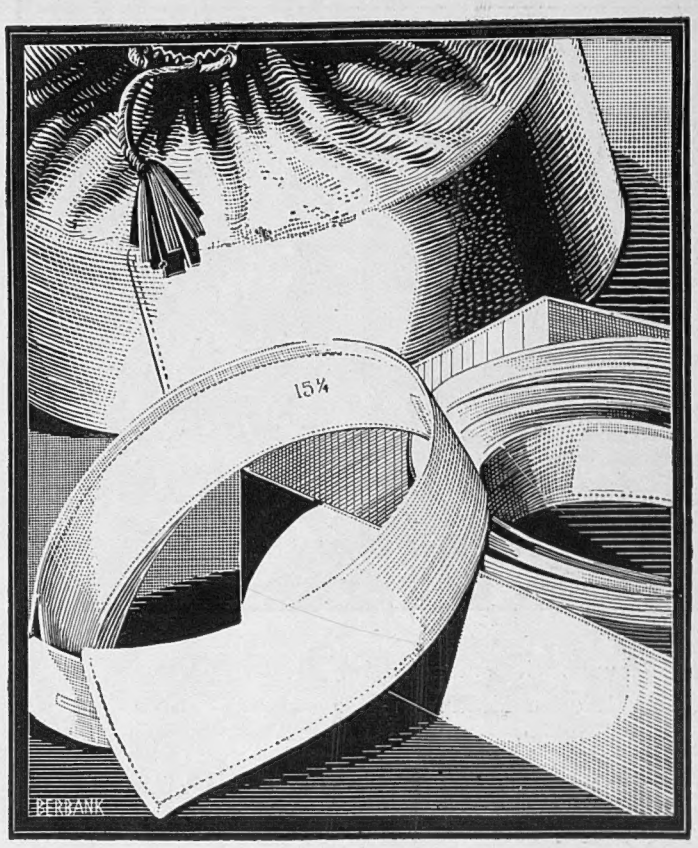
8/6

Corsets—Fourth Floor.

SWAN & EDGAR

Swan & Edgar, Ltd., London, W.1 *'Phone: Regent 1616*

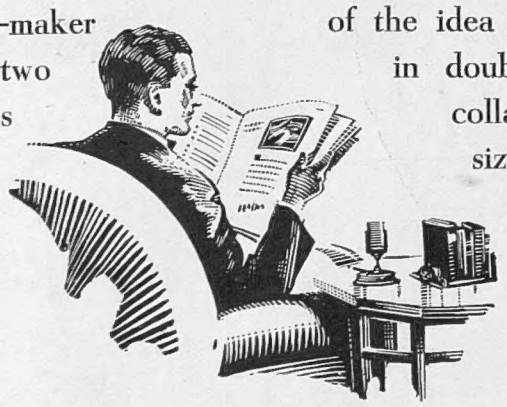
*



Then... collars weren't noted for their *comfort!*

It was not so long ago that men could buy collars in half-inch sizes *only*. Do you remember? When your neck-size was actually $15\frac{3}{4}$ inches, the $15\frac{1}{2}$ size choked you and the 16 size gaped loosely and screwed round sideways . . . There were no "between sizes" then.

You know that all this is changed now. Changed by a go-ahead shirt-maker several years ago. He spotted two things—the need for quarter sizes in collars and the fact that collar advertising was almost unknown. And so he put quarter-size collars on the market and advertised widely, knowing that this was the only way to reach the countless thousands of men whom he knew would welcome his idea. His appeal was simple, sincere and direct.



Man was guided by this advertising to the Emancipation of his Neck. Man's response to that advertising and acceptance of the idea of quarter sizes was never in doubt. To-day, the fact of collars being available in quarter sizes is an institution without which men would not care to be. Advertising founded that institution.

To-day you wear a comfortable collar because it fits!

ADVERTISING TOLD YOU OF QUARTER-SIZE COLLARS

BEACH SUITS

OF NEWEST DESIGN

DELIGHTFUL BEACH SUIT of tussore silk, to be worn over any swimming suit, on the beach; the top composed of a fancy design to contrast with tussore shorts; long sleeveless coat bound with bright colourings. Suit,

PRICE **79/6**

COAT to match **75/9**

SHOES to match of fancy tussore silk with rubber soles. Price **16/9**

BAG to match **25/9**

Sent on approval.

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Catalogue post free.

HARVEY NICHOLS

of Knightsbridge

AXMINSTER CARPETS

IN NEW SMALL SELF COLOUR DESIGN

This is quite a novelty in Carpets, and is specially useful where an entirely plain Carpet might be considered out of place. Carpets of self colour design show fewer marks than the plain variety. They are available in the sizes tabulated below.

COLOURS

Rose, Blue, Green, Beige, Brown.

ft.	ins.		ft.	ins.	£	s.	d.	ft.	ins.		ft.	ins.	£	s.	d.
10	6	×	7	6	6	17	6	12	0	×	10	6	10	17	6
9	0	×	9	0	6	19	6	13	6	×	10	6	12	5	0
12	0	×	7	6	7	17	6	12	0	×	12	0	12	10	0
10	6	×	9	0	8	2	6	15	0	×	10	6	13	12	6
12	0	×	9	0	9	5	0	13	6	×	12	0	13	19	6
13	6	×	9	0	10	10	0	15	0	×	12	0	15	10	0
15	0	×	9	0	11	12	6	16	6	×	12	0	17	10	0

CARPETING BY THE YARD TO MATCH

Body Border and Stair Carpet.

27 ins. wide	Per yard	10/3	22½ ins. wide Stair	Per yard	9/11
13½ ins. wide Border	„ „	5/6	27 ins. wide Stair	„ „	10/3

RUGS AND MATS TO MATCH

In Plain colours with darker band border.

ft.	ins.		ft.	ins.		ft.	ins.		ft.	ins.	
2	9	×	1	3	9/6	4	6	×	2	3	25/-
3	0	×	1	6	12/6	5	4	×	2	3	31/6
4	0	×	2	0	21/-	6	0	×	3	0	45/-

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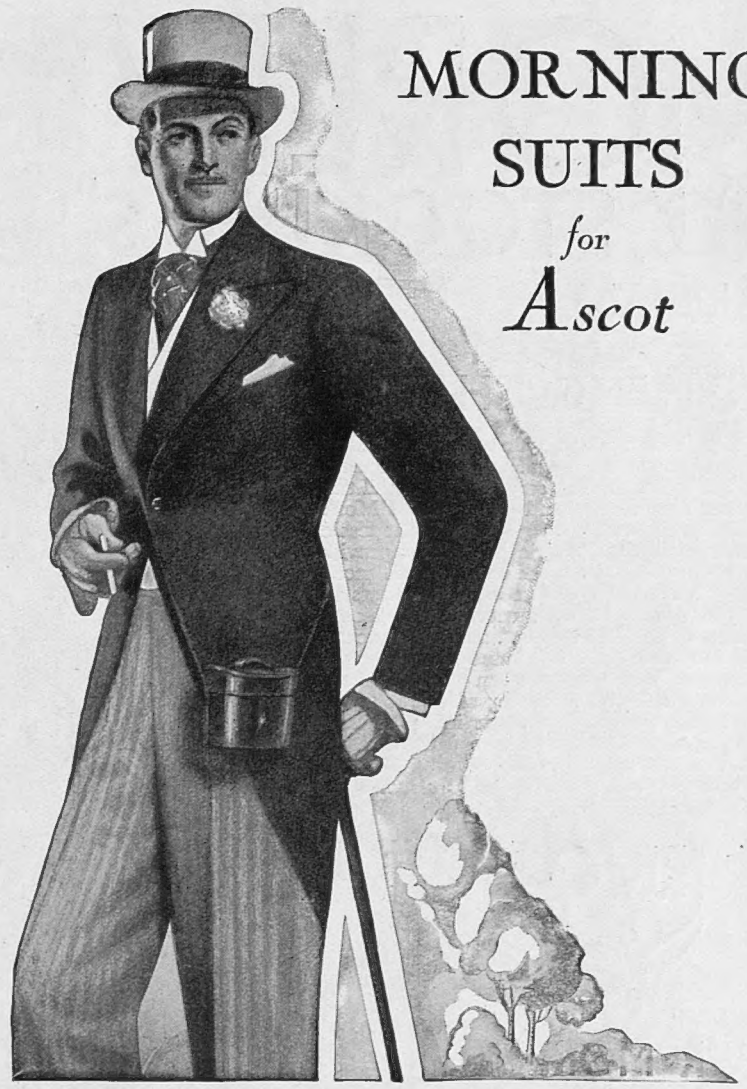

MORNING SUITS

for

Ascot

Those who respond to good style in the choice of fine clothes will find their most exacting needs fully satisfied for a minimum of expenditure at the Famous House for Ready-to-Wear.

Immaculate Morning Suits in finest materials, for hire or purchase, ready for immediate wear.

MOSS BROS & Co LTD
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You would enjoy looking round our showrooms. You can furnish everything from a spare room to a mansion, at Jelks, and every piece you buy you will be saving more. Jelks' furniture is not like new and shoddy goods. Every piece is made by skilled workmen from the finest materials.

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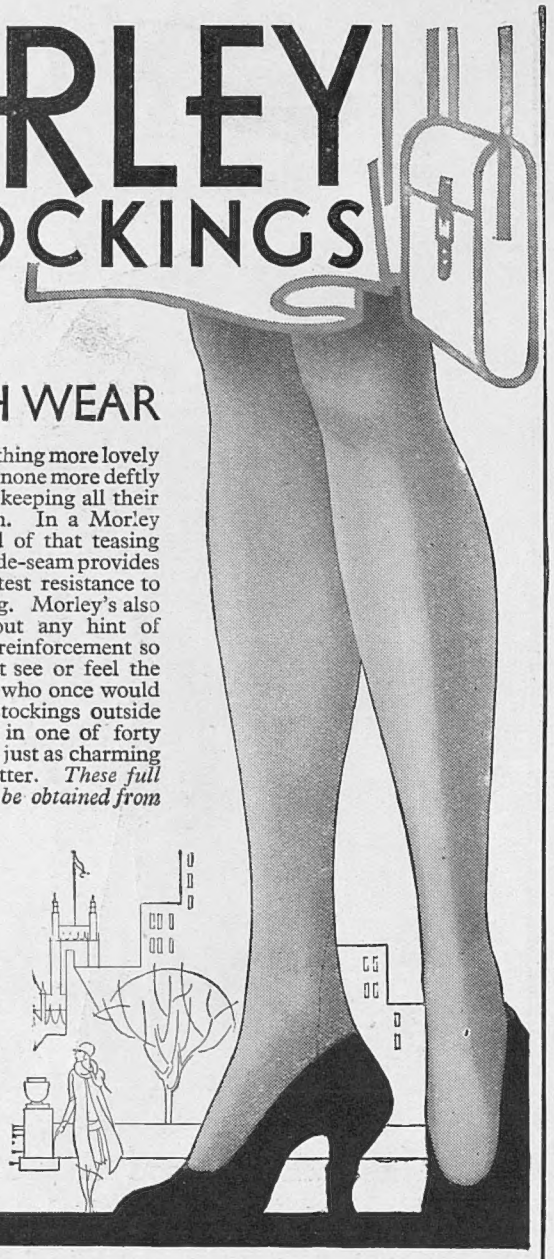
ESTABLISHED OVER 50 YEARS

D.A 17

MORLEY SILK STOCKINGS

PARISIAN CHARM WITH ENGLISH WEAR

FRANCE herself can give you nothing more lovely than these Morley stockings . . . . none more deftly fashioned to outlast long service, keeping all their gossamer charm of fit and finish. In a Morley stocking for instance you get rid of that teasing seam beneath the foot; Morley's side-seam provides the greatest comfort and the greatest resistance to wear yet combined in one stocking. Morley's also give you special strength without any hint of heaviness at heel and toe . . . . a reinforcement so subtly introduced that you cannot see or feel the difference. That's why women who once would never have dreamed of buying stockings outside Paris always now buy Morley's in one of forty alluring shades. Because they're just as charming . . . . because they're made better. *These full fashioned pure silk stockings can be obtained from* **5/11** *per pair.*



IRMO

I & R MORLEY

sell more fashioned *silk stockings* than any other manufacturer in this country.

Service Advertising.

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ASK TO SEE THE NEW

N&C Tricoline

WEATHERCOAT.

Rainproof yet porous.
Cool and light.

A Wemco FABRIC.

"Tricoline" The Night Wear Men Prefer.

PYJAMAS made in "TRICOLINE" bring luxury and comfort to your sleeping hours. "TRICOLINE" Shirts and Collars, whilst denoting good taste and judgment in dress, are finely made in a fabric well known for ease and wear.

"Tricoline" REGD THE EQUAL TO SILK

SHIRTS, COLLARS & PYJAMAS

SOLD BY LEADING STORES AND OUTFITTERS.

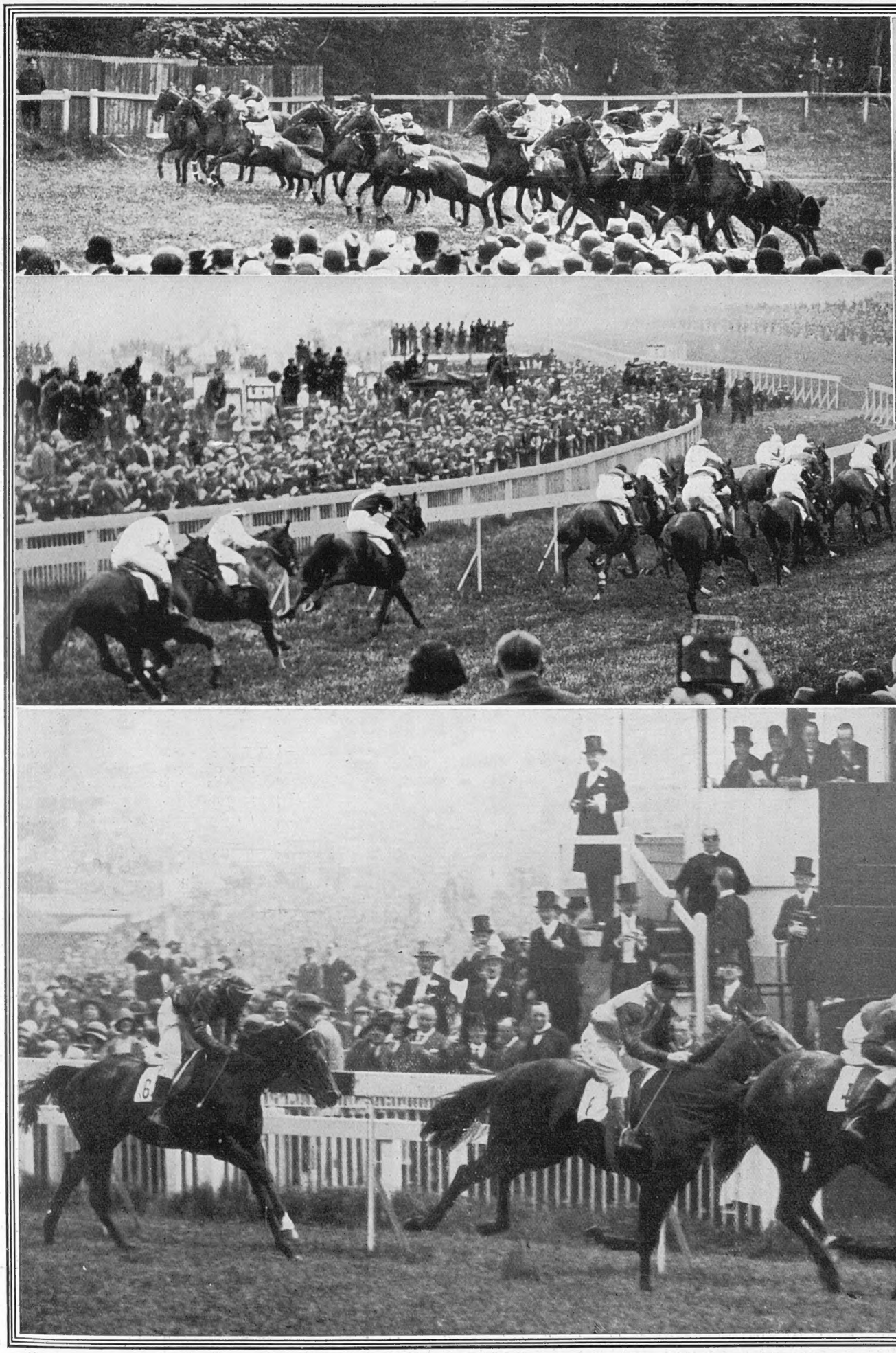
If any difficulty, write M9, "TRICOLINE" House, 19, Watling St., London, E.C.4

THE SPHERE

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

With which is incorporated BLACK & WHITE

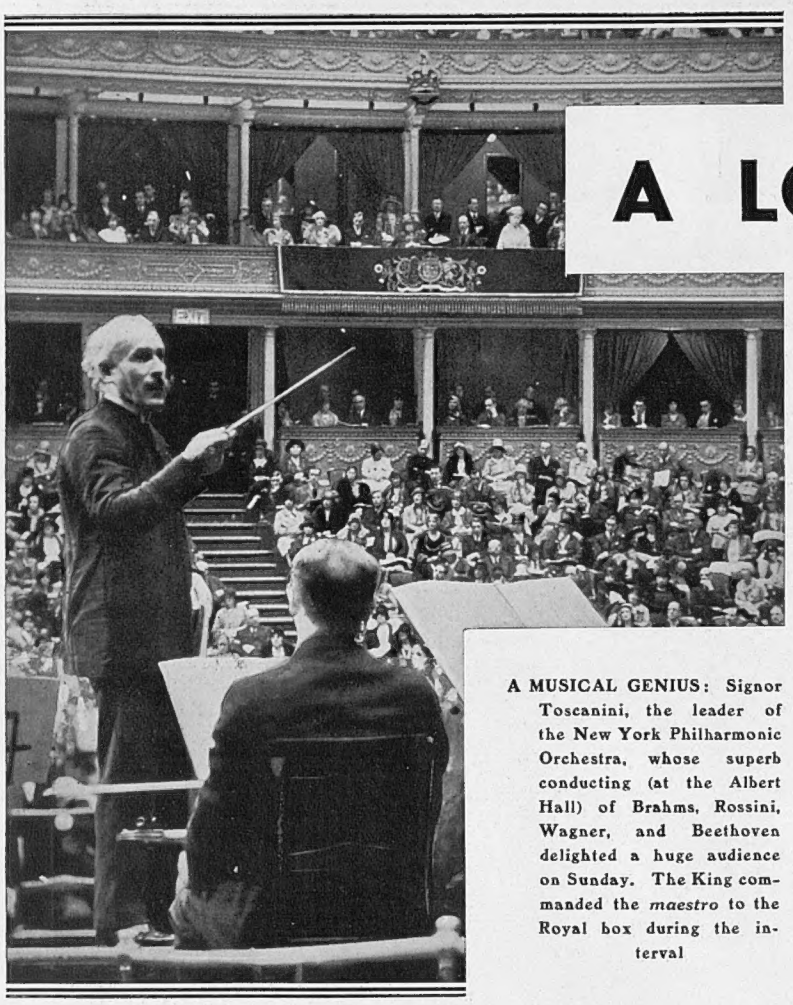
Volume CXXI. No. 1585 Price One Shilling. Postage { Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 3d. } London, June 7, 1930



The AGA KHAN wins his FIRST DERBY with his Second String

The Derby of 1930 was popular with the bookmakers if not with the public. The final placing was (1) the Aga Khan's Blenheim by Blandford out of Malva, trained by Dawson, and ridden by H. Wragg; (2) Mr. Somerville Tattersall's Iliad, by Swynford out of Pagan Sacrifice, trained by Lawson, and ridden by R. Jones; and (3) Sir Hugo Hirst's Diolite, by Diophon out of Needle Rock, trained by Templeman, and ridden by C. Ray. Diolite failed to stay the course and Rustom Pasha, the Aga Khan's first string, also fell away. Blenheim was quoted at 18–1; Iliad at 25–1; while the red-hot favourite, which should have had the race, on form, in its pocket, was 11–4. *Above* are seen the start, the scene at Tattenham Corner, and the finish. *Inset* is the Aga Khan wreathed in smiles at his victory.

A LONDON NEWSLETTER.



A MUSICAL GENIUS: Signor Toscanini, the leader of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, whose superb conducting (at the Albert Hall) of Brahms, Rossini, Wagner, and Beethoven delighted a huge audience on Sunday. The King commanded the *maestro* to the Royal box during the interval

INVERESK HOUSE, W.C., STRAND,
Wednesday, June 4, 1930.

For Ever England.—So this is Derby Day—and we go to press before the issue is decided. Not that it matters. Those who risked pneumonia to attend the first spring meeting at Newmarket spotted the winner of the Derby and made their plans and books accordingly. But for me I do not care for these certainties. I prefer to toy with the great god chance. I take sweep tickets. For a quarter of a century I have taken sweep tickets, and last year, for the first time, I received my initial dividend from the investment—£8 15s. And next morning I received three appeals for money to build three new wings to three old hospitals. And this is Derby week and Whitsuntide holidays hard on its heels. I address myself to the intelligent foreigner visiting these islands in search of knowledge, or amusement, or a family tree. Derby week is for ever England. This week gives the best opportunity in all the year to study British character. This week you will see us exactly as we were when Hogarth depicted us in what we are pleased to call brutal caricature. This week we are all idle apprentices. You will find that "business on 'Change" (never very brisk) "was negligible owing to the incidence of the Derby." And Wednesday is the only real working day on 'Change. Every other week-day is overshadowed by the late or coming week-end. During Derby week the whole British nation usually thinks, speaks, and dreams of nothing at all but the off-chance of a scoop of easy money, to be followed in the case of a female by forty insulting offers of marriage, in the case of a male by the quick break-up of all that has made life tolerable. That is the reward of the very big prizes, mercifully curtailed this year. The small prizes merely sow the seeds of extravagance and discontent. Don't fail to join the odoriferous queue and sample Derby Day Headache. There's a tendency to hold back this year.

The Fourth of June.—In old days when two of the chief events of the season fell on the same day, one or both were wont to suffer. To-day the task of deciding whether to go to Eton or Epsom remains difficult but less difficult than formerly. Science whispers in the ear of *jeunesse dorée:* "But, my dear, why worry? Go to both of them." But even if the blessings of internal combustion did not now make it perfectly easy for any enthusiast to combine the Derby with the Eton celebrations, neither function would suffer. We are none of us indispensable and "Society" is so large that if the Gold Cup at Ascot also coincided with the Derby and Eton's day, Eton, Ascot, and Epsom would all be uncomfortably overcrowded. So whatever you decide, take comfort from the thought: It will be all the same 100 years hence—more or less.

The Pit Which Ye Digged.—Last week's much-discussed unemployment debate, which coincided with the news of a signal advance by the Conservatives at Nottingham, proved to be a show-up not of one party only but of the party system; not of individuals, but of the genus politician. Modern political morality was left gasping and drooping on the stricken field, and the only bright spot was the polished shield of polished Sir Oswald. The Prime Minister waded through his brief in which he had been insufficiently coached. Mr. Baldwin was even more obvious than his part in the broad comedy required. Mr. George's play-acting was almost convincing. Mr. Churchill was devastatingly destructive. Mr. Snowden nursed a personal rage at having been detected in a particularly careless inaccuracy. Mr. Thomas doubled his usual parts of honest Tom and sentimental Tommy. And so it was that Sir Oswald with his fantastic remedies emerged as the hero of the hour, the man of honour, the statesman with a conscience. But, reading in cold blood the report of that lamentable evening, one thought stands clearly out. The public has grasped what the politician still refuses to accept—there is no cure for our post-war ills by Act of Parliament. One party is no better than another. The country alone can struggle out of the pit which folly, incompetence, and self-interest in high places have digged for it, and we can only achieve salvation if we are left alone, given time, and some reasonable assurance that we shall not be further experimented on with fancy ropes and patent pulleys. A plague on all your parties. Your election boasts are the petards which inexorably and punctally hoist you in your turns. The pit which ye digged for others. . . .

An Anomaly of Democracy.—The more we prate of democracy the more we find that the comfort and convenience of the majority are for ever being sacrificed to the demands of the minority. It is essentially so in the matter of the removal of the speed-limit for motor-cars. The vast majority does not own or use a motor-car. The pedestrian is in the majority, and the pedestrian is penalized and condemned if his battered body should interfere with the motorists' speed average. But how much more blatant will the anomaly appear when the recommendations of the latest L.C.C. sub-committee are published. This sub-committee—it was quite inevitable—is examining the possibilities of a London Air Port. Croydon has become unsuitable. It is too far away from the Carlton Hotel. Regent's Park has been considered and rejected. Battersea Park would just serve the purpose. Hyde Park would do very well and is nice and central. Don't cry out yet. Your children will fly, every one of them, naturally, daily, inevitably, but you will have your opportunity for protesting for months and perhaps years before a London Air Port in Hyde Park is a *fait accompli*. But it will come.

London's Air Port.—You remember how we laughed at the idea of public vehicles rattling through Hyde Park. We quoted Walpole, and declared that such an infringement would "cost a crown." This sub-committee won't recommend Hyde Park. But it will turn its lascivious eyes on your heritage none the less. There is Wimbledon Common, very suitable, if a little remote, being six miles from Hyde Park Corner. Roehampton and a part of Richmond Park could be converted. Hampstead Heath has an unfortunately narrow plateau. Other pleasant open spaces occur to me—as stop gaps until we are educated (with carillons, paddle ponds, and bathing palaces) to a voluntary and graceful cession of Hyde Park, which is really the only obviously suitable location for the great Air Port. But meanwhile, a word to the sub-committee. The British Public is slow to anger and slow of understanding. You must educate it to your ideas for years to come. Take my advice, Don't wave Hyde Park before its eyes, don't even suggest Wimbledon yet. Find a site on the Great West Road. You can have the Great West Road and Hyde Park. But think of the letters which will be written to *The Times* and *The Telegraph* in the next few years. "*Laudator temporis*," "Outraged," and "*Pro Bono*" are sharpening their pens and laying in a stock of blue-black vitriol.

A National Theatre.—Lord Lytton's Committee, appointed by the Shakespeare Memorial Committee, has now examined the possibilities of establishing a national theatre, and reported, as expected, that the scheme is practicable and ought to be pressed forward. The Committee, it is true, is extremely vague on the economics of the venture. Myself, I have never doubted the burning importance of its establishment or the certainty that it would be run at a loss and must depend, as it should, on Parliamentary support, directly or indirectly searching the taxpayer's pocket. That the theatre must be organized on a repertory basis the Committee is very clear. Its charter makes the mouth water. It assures one the chance of seeing the best plays played in London. It will keep Shakespeare alive, revive all acknowledged classics, ancient and modern, and keep us abreast of foreign dramatic genius; it holds out the promise of presenting sixteenth-century drama and Greek plays. It promises to remove the deepest stain on our national character as an enlightened unit of civilization. It is lack of taste and lack of ideals which forever trip us up to-day. Without these we cannot separate truth from falsehood or gold from base metal in life, in politics, or in letters.

Regimental Dinners.—This is the season of the year when every soldier — serving and retired—who can be spared from duty or can make the journey to London, comes to the capital for his regimental dinner, and does not fail to stroll down St. James's Street and put in an hour or so at his Service club. Nor does he neglect Hurlingham, Tattersall's, and Lord's. It is the season for honouring military traditions and for the fighting of old battles over the walnuts and the wine. For the cavalry soldier, the regimental dinner is more than ever before a prized and poignant reunion. Old regiments which for centuries have conserved their fine traditions and kept alive their corporate spirit, have since the war been for purposes of economy or policy "doubled-up" with friendly rivals, and perforce the individual pride of regiment has faded in the process. But the regiment comes to its own again for the annual dinner, and its old members, from field-marshal to last joined subaltern, congregate round the Regimental Plate to do honour to the glory of the regiment won in the great days when a horse was something more than a four-legged animal, and an armed man the last word in an argument.

ENGLAND'S CAPTAIN: A. P. F. Chapman, the gay, gallant, and successful leader of the England XI

Anti-British Propaganda.—Apropos the MacDonald-Gandhi pact canard, the British public knows little of the insidious campaigns that are for ever being waged to blacken the name and reputation of this country. For some months an energetic and extraordinarily successful campaign has been afoot in America, inspired by Indian malcontents on the lines approved by Moscow, to paint the British Raj and British policy in India in the most lurid and hideous colours. Only now have we taken official steps to counter this secret and dangerous propaganda in the only way that lies in our power. From to-day a still small but energetic voice will be heard putting the British case forward to audiences all over America from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. But we are late in the field. Terrible harm has been done to the friendly understanding growing between two great countries with a common language. Not that the Government was without warnings. But it is the practice of all Governments to neglect the maroons and act only when the first bomb falls.

"A God on Broadway."—The Indian revolt is being conducted precisely on the lines which proved successful in Ireland, and just as Ireland was the cause of our recent unpopularity in America, so now Indian propaganda in America has been allowed a long start towards the same lamentable goal—of setting Britain and America once more by the ears. Let us use all energy to make up the time lost to counter-propaganda work. The comic spectacle of Isadora Duncan's brother, dressed as a Greek god, heading a procession down Broadway to make salt in New York Harbour, as a sign of sympathy with Gandhi, need not blind us to the seriousness of the latest anti-British movement in the States.

England's 22.—When one considers and observes England's first twenty-two players he is struck by a number of salient truths.

(1) Our first eleven is still a team of veterans.

(2) So immense still are the claims of Hobbs, Woolley, and Hendren that it may well seem to men like Leyland and Duleepsinghji that their day will never come. A batsman is too young at forty-five.

(3) What can be the hope of an Australian victory against a team which can dispense with Leyland, Duleepsinghji, Jardine, and Ames, a first-rate wicket-keeper-batsman, and Freeman?

(4) Has England at any period in her history been richer in batsmen of the first grade?

(5) Or weaker in bowlers of the first grade?

(6) A genius for captaincy wedded to brilliance in the field is still regarded as more important than mere average captaincy, plus average ability in the field, plus first-rate ability with ball or bat. Hence Chapman is preferred to White or Jardine.

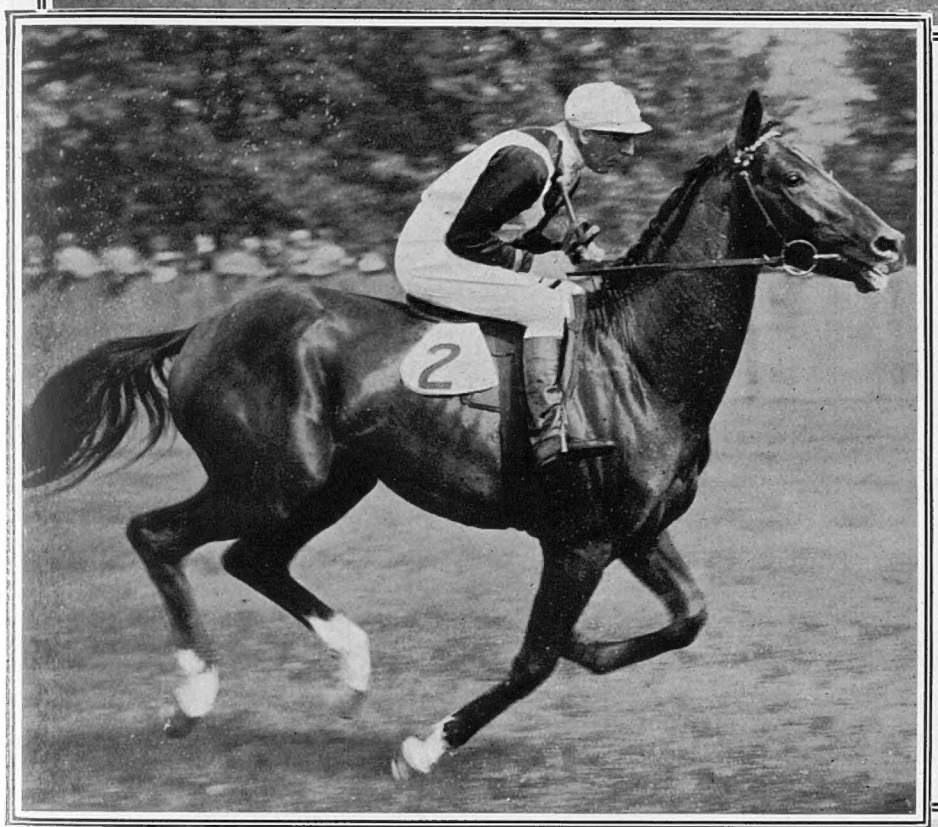
(7) Tate is on trial this year for his life as a Test bowler.

(9) Was ever seen duller, drearier cricket than at the Test Trial?

THE OLD STAGER.

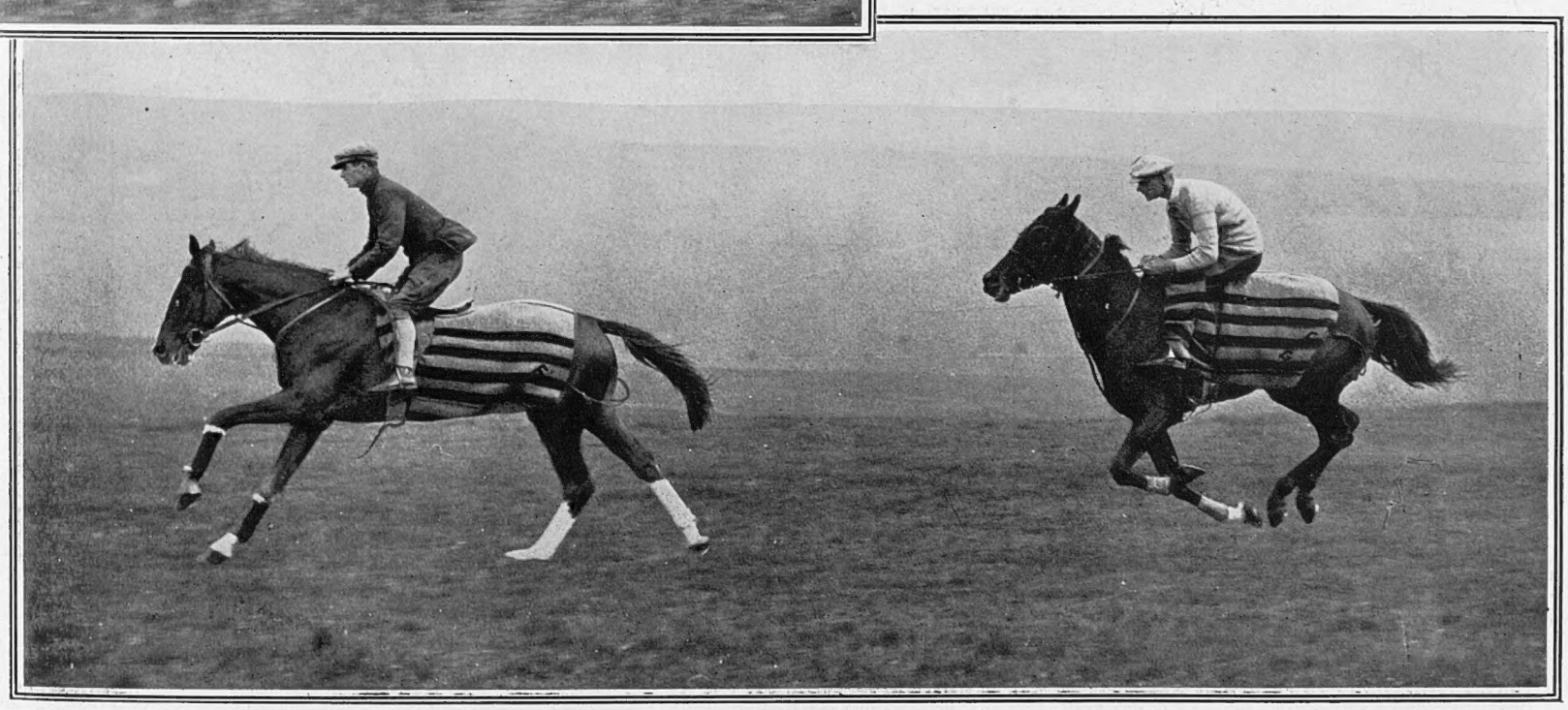
The Blue Riband of the English Turf.

Three Notable Runners and One Great Personality at the Great Classic at Epsom



A NOTABLE OUTSIDER: Mr. W. Woodward's *The Scout II* (J. Childs up), led by *Flange*, a stable companion. The Yankee horse has a definite following

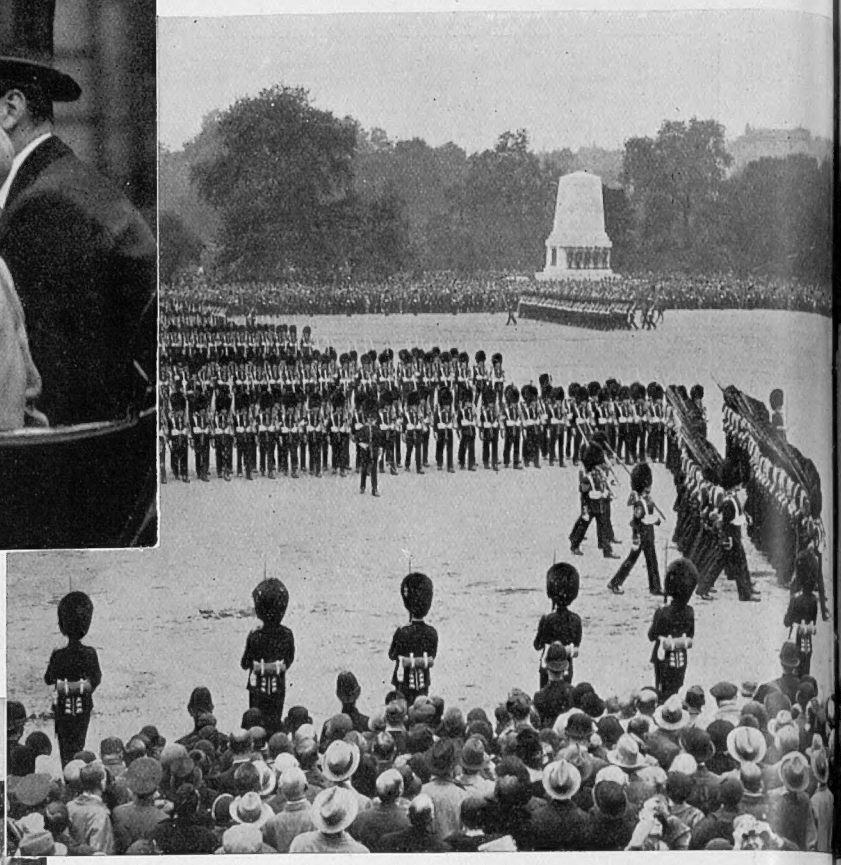
BOUND FOR HER 48TH DERBY: Mrs. Burden (left), a famous Romany, with her 24th child, Sarah, arrives on Epsom Downs



THE FAVOURITE: Sir Hugo Hirst's (Chairman of the G.E.C.) *Diolite* behind his stable companion *True Copy* during a gallop on the Downs at Lambourn, Berks. The odds against *Diolite* were very short. *Inset on left* is Mr. P. H. Nickall's ex-selling plater *Noble Star* (H. Beasley up), a well-fancied outsider for the blue riband of the turf

The PAGEANT of

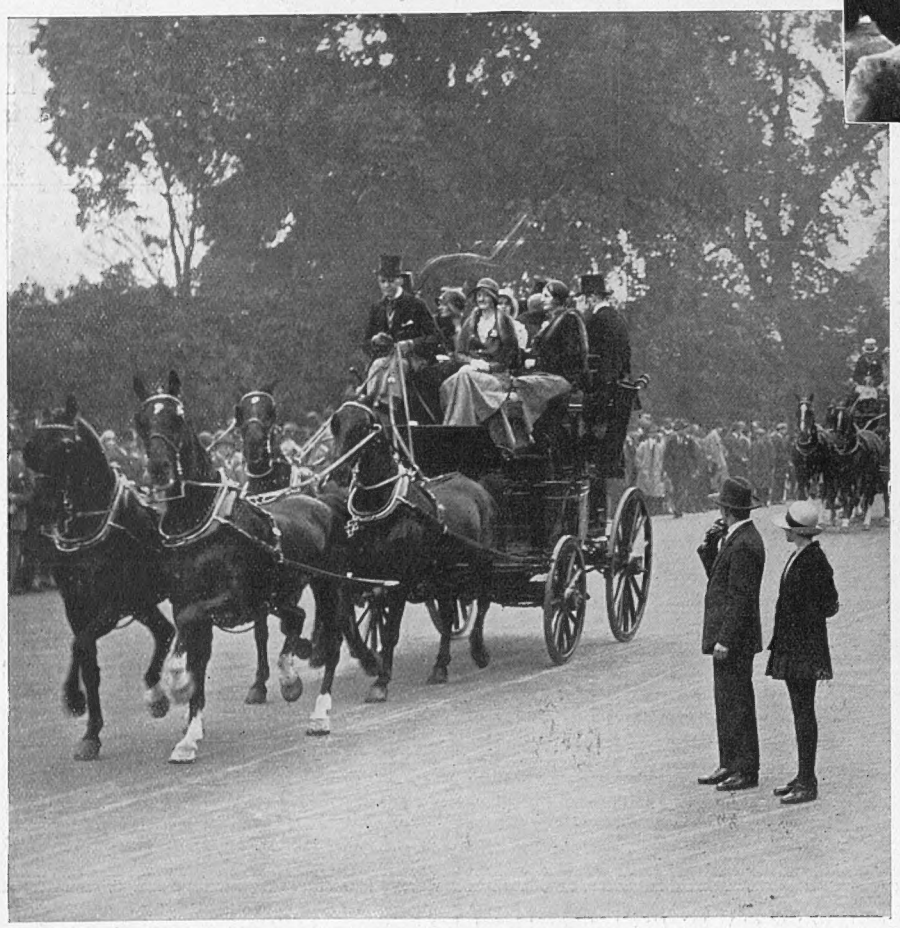
TROOPING THE COLOUR: The Queen, Prince George, Princess Mary and her children, Lord Lascelles and the Hon. Gerald Lascelles at the picturesque historical ceremony held in honour of the King's birthday on Horseguards Parade. The Prince of Wales took the salute



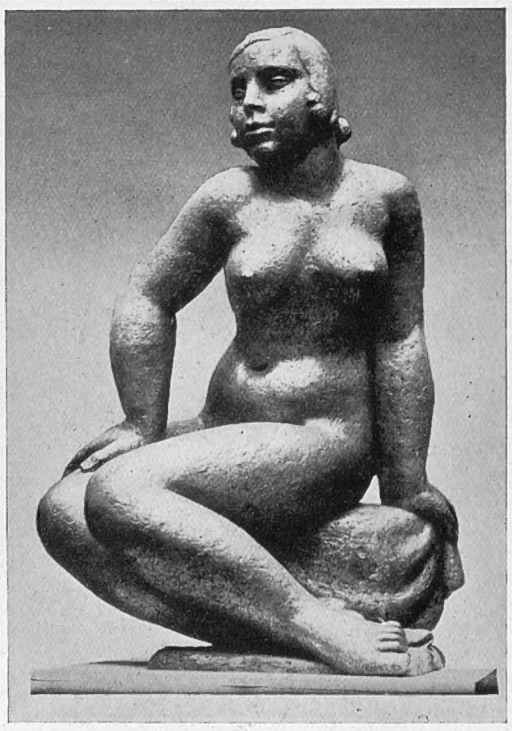
IN HONOUR OF THE KING: A general view of the March Pa
Wales, in the enforced absence of his father, the King, through i
bear-skinned infantry, proves that the impressive military evolutions
This ceremony is always a great favourite wit

NOT UNDER ARREST! Mr. "Bobby" Jones, who achieved his great ambition in winning the Amateur Championship, escorted by police through a crowd which threatened to mob him. Mr. Jones beat C. J. H. Tolley on the 20th green and Roger Wethered by 7 and 6

THE CROWD AT TH
R. T. Jones, Jun., be
pinnacle of the Am



THE FIRST RUN OF THE SEASON: The Coaching Club had its first run of the season recently. The members are seen above moving off from the Magazine, Hyde Park—a picturesque setting



"TRUTH": The Modernist high-water-mark of the art of Mr. Frank Dobson, on view at the Leicester Galleries, to complete the purchase of which the Contemporary Art Society is appealing for subscriptions. One has to "do" the Epsteins and Dobsons, however busy the week may be

A BATTALION O
St. Margaret's, We
Mr. Helmu

JUNE in LONDON, *and on the Sporting Fields of the Countryside*

during the ceremony of the Trooping of the Colour, a ceremony at which H.R.H. the Prince of disposition, took the salute. The pageantry of such a ceremony, with its breast-plated cavalry and its yester-year, as recorded in the Royal Tournament, yield in no way to the glories of the army of 1930. American visitors, who have nothing to compare with it in their own country

THE HEIR TO THE THRONE: The Prince of Wales at the Trooping of the Colour. The Prince of Wales was accompanied by the Duke of York

GOLF FINAL: A general impression of the course of St. Andrews when Roger Wethered over 36 holes by 7 and 6. This great effort marks the highest an wonder-golfer's achievement. He has now won the Open and Amateur Championships both in this country and in America

BRIDESMAIDS: There were no fewer than 21 bridesmaids at the wedding at minster, of Miss Margaret Darrell, daughter of Sir Lionel and Lady Darrell to Schroeder, the son of the Baron and Baroness Schroeder, a few days ago

INSPECTING THE KING'S BODYGUARD: The Duke of Connaught inspected the Yeomen of the Guard at St. James's Palace. The King's uncle is seen above chatting with a Yeoman

By Lieut.-Commander the Hon. J. M. KENWORTHY, R.N., M.P.

THE FUTURE OF THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

Amateur or Professional? That is the Question

(Commander Kenworthy's record as a sportsman is well-known. He was amateur heavy-weight champion of the Royal Navy (officers) for three years; he has always taken a prominent part in athletics and sports)

Historians differ as to the date of the first of the ancient Olympic Games, but we have accurate records from the year 776 B.C. They were the great athletic event of the ancient world, continuing under the Roman Emperors until the festival was finally abolished in A.D. 394. Beginning with contests confined to only those of pure Hellenic birth, after the conquest of Greece by the Romans citizens of the Roman Empire were allowed to compete; which meant that at the height of the Roman power they were international contests almost in the modern sense. Racing, both on foot and in horse-drawn chariots, boxing and wrestling were the principal events. The prizes to the victors were honour and a garland of olive leaves cut from a sacred wild-olive tree in the Grove of Altis.

Their modern revival in 1896 was almost entirely due to the efforts of a French athlete, Baron de Coubertin. The modern Games are held every four years. The last occasion in England was in London in 1908, in which teams from twenty-two nations competed, represented by a total of 2,500 athletes. The 1912 contest took place in Stockholm, and the sixth revived Olympiad should have taken place in Berlin, but the war interrupted the contests until 1920, when the seventh festival was held at Antwerp. The eighth was held in Paris, and the last and ninth Olympiad at Amsterdam. The second Winter Games, which have been superimposed on the Olympiad, were held at St. Moritz in the same year.

It will not be out of place to mention the cost to Great Britain of the inevitable expenses in sending even a team of amateurs to Amsterdam. It was £8,928, all raised directly or indirectly by voluntary subscriptions and grants by athletic associations and clubs. Forty nations entered, Canada, India, the Irish Free State, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, in addition to Great Britain, all sending their separate teams, and 760 men and 121 women competed.

It is interesting to note that in the original Greek Games not only were women forbidden to compete, but were not even allowed to be present, on pain of death.

In the track and field events at this last contest the United States had ninety-nine wins, Finland twenty-eight, Great Britain was third with twenty-two, while fourth came Sweden with seven.

THE OLYMPIC BANQUET: A vignette of the International banquet given in honour of the Olympic Games Congress, held in the Town Hall, Berlin. Above are seen MM. Polignac, Drigalski and Count Baillet-Latour

The next Olympic Games, open to the whole world, takes place at Los Angeles, California, in July and August, 1932. But although this sounds a long way ahead, important preparations have to be made. But, still more important, *certain decisions will have to be come to almost immediately, and on their result may well depend whether this country and most of the British Dominions and Colonies participate at Los Angeles at all.* A storm is brewing in international circles over the vexed question of amateurism and professionalism. Accusations of snobbery are often levelled at those who attempt to maintain the position of the amateur both in national and international sport. But they are really wide of the mark.

There is no doubt a strong case for making the Olympic Games open to both professionals and amateurs. In practice this would mean that they would really be international contests for professionals. If the public and those most interested in athletics really desire the Games to remain amateur contests—as they were at the very beginning, and certainly since their revival in 1896—they must be kept open for amateurs only, that is, for athletes and sportsmen who do not make their livings as such. This is not because we have any objection or prejudice in this country to the professional athlete in his proper sphere.

Our record in football and cricket is proof, if any were needed, of the rightful place in sport that the British professional holds. In no other country does the professional athlete or player enjoy a higher status. But there has been a tendency on the part of several countries who participate in the Olympiad to run their teams on a professional basis while claiming for them the status of amateurs. Indeed, the tendency of certain countries in Europe and also in Central and Southern America is to develop their sports along lines which make it practically impossible for amateurs to take part in them on level terms without payment. Champions must participate in many contests, national or international, that no man or woman without considerable private means can possibly compete in while earning a living in any other way.

The rules that have been adopted by the International Amateur Athletic Association up till now, and which have applied to the Olympic Games and other international amateur contests in the past, have laid it down that expenses may be paid but no salaries. The moment we get beyond the payment of expenses the line between the amateur and the professional disappears.

There is to be an International Congress in the near future in Berlin in connection with the Olympic Games to be held in 1932. The Swedes and some other nations are pressing for power to pay for "broken time," which of course they may then stretch to mean the payment of a salary all the year round; for the new rules would then apply both to national and international contests.

The British standpoint, and here we are supported by the Dominions and Colonies, is that if broken time is to be paid we may just as well "go the whole hog" and make the Olympic Games open to all amateurs and professionals alike, which of course means in practice they would be professional contests. Rather than fall in with the Swedish proposal, it is highly probable that the British, followed by the other nations of the Commonwealth, will withdraw from the Olympic Games altogether, and it is just as well that the situation should be realized by the sporting public in this country.

There are two views of athletics generally, and international athletics in particular, which are in conflict. The one, which I may describe as the professional view, is that these contests are spectacles primarily, and I am afraid in many cases they are, in addition, looked upon as means of enhancing the national prestige. The British view is that their primary object is to encourage athletics for as many people as possible, which means for amateurs, for it is obvious that the market for the professional is limited. And furthermore that they are friendly contests for the natural development of man's prowess.

The two views can be given effect to side by side, either nationally or internationally.

Thus in football the Association game, as regards national contests, is almost entirely an affair of professionals and is very popular. Rugby football is principally played by amateur teams both in national and international contests. But side by side with the amateur Rugby game the professional game, under the Northern Union code, flourishes and is increasingly popular, especially in the North of England. Here there is obviously room for both sides of the sport, professional and amateur, in popular favour. But there is no mixing of amateurs and professionals in the teams, as in cricket. And the system of keeping the professional and amateur teams separate in football works perfectly well. In cricket we have the combination of the two.

In tennis amateur contests dominate the sport. But in boxing professionalism again predominates in international contests, though the amateur boxer holds his own fairly well in the national contests. But with regard to running, jumping, and similar sports, including rowing and swimming, great efforts, on the whole very successful, have been made to preserve the amateur's due place in local, national, and international contests. The Olympic Games, it will be generally agreed, are, however, in a class by themselves, and it will be difficult, and indeed undesirable, to mix up the amateur and professional elements.

In the original circular of 1894 sent by Baron de Coubertin, who, as described above, was the pioneer of the revival of the Olympiad, to all the athletic associations, this great organizer of international athletics declared:

> "Before all things it is necessary that we should preserve in sport those characteristics of nobility and chivalry which have distinguished it in the past, so that it may continue to play the same part in the education of the peoples of to-day as it played so admirably in the days of Ancient Greece. Imperfect humanity has ever tended to transform the Olympic athlete into the paid gladiator. But the two things are incompatible. We must choose between one formula and the other. . . . Reform is necessary, and must be discussed before we undertake it. There are compromises and there are contradictions in the amateur regulations of the present day which it will be the business of this Congress to consider."

When the first revived Games took place at Athens in 1896 their amateur status was established, and so it has remained to this day.

In a world international contest like the Olympic Games, once the professional position is accepted the richer and larger countries will have an advantage over the poorer, and the larger over the smaller. In some countries the Government is prepared to subsidize athletics to a far greater extent than in others. It is easy to see the abuses that may easily arise out of world international contests on a professional basis. This is one of the strongest arguments for keeping the sports amateur, for when only expenses can be paid there is obviously a limit to what money can be spent.

But now let us consider the Games from a wider point of view. They are great events, but their value can be judged, firstly, by their influence on athletics, and secondly, by their effect on international relations. If they can be kept as international contests for amateurs no doubt it will be agreed that their sporting value is very great, though it is possible to exaggerate it. For example, the standard now set is so high that intense specialization and very long training are required. This means that participation will more and more be confined to a few super-men.

But from the point of view of increasing friendly relations between peoples the results have been disappointing, to put it mildly. Instead of open contests for all, they have tended to degenerate into fierce rivalry between national teams, with "flag-wagging," mutual hostility and jealousy, and even a considerable amount of bitterness.

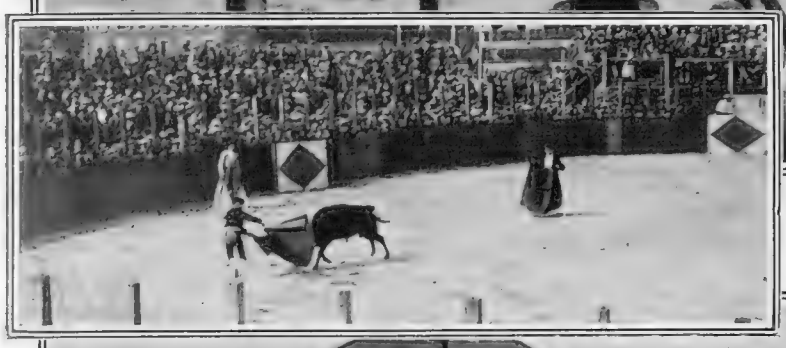
These are some of the reasons that actuate those responsible for the British attitude in threatening to withdraw from the Games altogether if their amateur status is lost. In any case surely the need to-day is to strengthen the amateur movement in sport rather than to weaken it.

And there is an alternative.

It is to organize Olympic Games for the British Empire only. We have been able to avoid in our inter-Imperial contests some of the objectionable features of the Olympic Games to which I have referred above. In the football and cricket field amateurs and professionals alike from various parts of the Empire have met in a perfect spirit of comradeship and amity. In August of this year Empire Games take place in Canada. These Empire Games might well be made permanent, taking place every two or three years in different parts of the British Commonwealth, and they might with advantage replace the Olympic Games so far as our nation is concerned. The Empire is big enough for us to hold our own Olympic Games, of great importance and value to athletics and to Imperial good relations.

Bulls and Bull-fighting: A Protest which has Stopped Further Bull-fights at Melun, near Paris.

THE ACTION OF AUTHORITY: The police charge the rioters who, in the name of mercy, endeavoured to stop a bull-fight staged at Melun in the vicinity of Paris



A NOTABLE CHAMPION: A prize bull led by a picturesquely clad attendant at the Cologne Exhibition. *Inset above* is a phase of bull-fighting—the maddening of the animal by waving red cloths before its blood-shot eyes. Intimations were made to the authorities at Melun that attempts to stop a recent *corrida* would be made by residents and the S.P.C.A. The "protestants" jumped into the arena in an effort to stop the fighting. Mounted police charged the rioters, but the protest has been crowned with success in Northern France, further performances being stopped by official order

ATTEMPTING THE ATLANTIC FROM EAST TO WEST: The monoplane *Southern Cross* at Croydon on its arrival from Amsterdam. Captain Kingsford Smith of the Australia flight will attempt to get to America in this machine

"BLOODED" BY CHAMPAGNE: An interesting ceremony took place at Croydon Aerodrome on Sunday, when Lady Horne, wife of Sir Allan Horne, broke bottles of champagne over the propellers of the two Junkers aeroplanes to inaugurate the new regular aerial service from Croydon to Le Touquet. The Walcot Air Line, Ltd., which is operating the service, is being run without any financial aid in the form of a subsidy. Lady Horne was one of the passengers on the first 'plane, piloted by Major Clarke, to leave immediately after the ceremony. An interesting feature of the christening was that of the passengers, including Lady Horne, "blooding" themselves with champagne off the propeller

LATE NEWS of the WEEK

A Pictorial Record of Four Items of Interest

FOR THE LORD LONSDALE CUP: The start of the whippet race at Taff Vale Park, Pontypridd—a feature of the Lonsdale Sports Week, held to raise funds to endow a bed in the Cardiff Royal Infirmary

NIPPY ON THE FLYING WHEEL: Miss W. Archer (right) beats Miss V. Seaking in the race for the "Nippy" Cup at Herne Hill

A CENTRE OF THE ONE-TIME CAPITAL: The Sverdlov Square (formerly Theatre Square), showing the Opera House, Leningrad

The Living CATACOMBS *of* LENINGRAD

The Plight of Russia's Homeless Youth

FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

An energetic fight against the inhabitants of the "Leningrad Catacombs" has just been commenced by the Russian Government. The militia, together with the Ogpu, has started the clearing of these notorious underground sewers, and it is possible that they will get satisfactory results, albeit the work is cruel and inhumane. The agents will have to clear the underground corridors of many thousands of children and homeless youngsters. The sewers, which, on account of the misery of their inhabitants, enjoy an evil reputation, have been known as the catacombs of Leningrad ever since the time of the Tsars.

In civilized Europe it is difficult to imagine the dreadful scenes to which one becomes accustomed when living in Russia. Several Soviet journalists whom I was privileged to accompany recently decided to visit the catacombs. To be on the safe side we took revolvers with us and left our money at home. We then began to seek the entrance to the catacombs. In one of the deserted roads of lately-destroyed districts, where there was no house nor any other building, we noticed two children dressed in rags. We followed them until suddenly they disappeared as if they had fallen through the earth. When we got nearer to the place where the children had disappeared, we discovered an opening to the sewers. The entrance exhaled steam, the smell of dirt and smoke, but we descended, holding tight to the dirty, sticky, pipes and lighting our way with small torches.

Down in a corridor with wet and sticky stone walls and so low a ceiling that we could not stand upright we were surprised to find a company of ten people peacefully sitting on a pipe. They were all lads clothed in rags, and were playing cards by the light of a small candle. Probably they were used to unexpected visitors as they did not seem to be surprised by the appearance of strangers and continued their game undistured. They were even so polite as to make way for us. Everywhere we found new companies of homeless children clad in rags, and everywhere empty bottles of "vodka."

The inhabitants of those dreadful catacombs are homeless children, thieves, and professional beggars, for the most part deformed or victims of accidents.

Some of these types were sitting about and reading with the help of a very poor light. The literature did not show any great variety. It mostly consisted of small booklets which were sold in the streets. I picked up one in a red cover —*Sherlock Holmes.*

When the children were asked whether these were stolen books they were much shocked. "Books," they said "we never steal, we always buy. We steal only money."

It appeared that they had their own "Mayor"—an old beggar, who was leader in this department of the catacombs.

"Life in the catacombs starts at midnight," he told us; "all the children who have been wandering about in town for the whole day come here to spend the night. There are usually some women, who find room for themselves and their drunken men not far away from the children. And there are thieves who divide their spoils here, later losing them in playing cards. Altogether there are three hundred inhabitants in this small district under this street."

In reply to our question what they would do when the police threw them out, the old man laughed. "No power in the world can throw us out," he said. "If they expel us from one catacomb we shall get hold of another."

It will be interesting to see whether the police will succeed in their efforts.

ATHEISM *breeds* SUPERSTITION

The Religious Experience of Godless Russia

By Dr. BORIS SAVELJEFF

The Soviet Government's determined efforts to suppress religion as much as possible has reached its climax. Hundreds of churches have been closed, the ringing of bells has been prohibited, and even the oldest convent of Moscow, the Simonov Cloister, has been dynamited. From its ruins a new so-called Castle of Culture is to arise.

"Religious prejudice, the remainder of the bourgeois system, must definitely be destroyed for all time," said M. Jaroslavsky, the President of the Federation of the Godless, recently. "The Russian people must be educated to a culture which is based upon the latest facts and upon pure rationalism."

But it is a strange phenomenon that, just at a time when the fury of the Soviets in their battle against the churches seems to have succeeded, just at the time when the whole world complains about the virtual extirpation of religion in Russia, the objects of the Soviet Government are being defeated, are even perverted into their opposite. The transcendental belief of the people, prevented by force from following the paths prescribed by the established churches, is diverted into dark and distorted forms. It becomes sheer damaging superstition. The belief in witches, sorcerers, and even heathen belief in the gods of pre-Christian times show themselves to an ever-increasing extent among a people whose education is to be based "on pure rationalism."

The Moscow newspapers commented recently, for example, upon events in a village in Central Russia, the details of which I have received from the school teacher concerned. About three weeks ago he was wakened in his sleep by noises in the street. Running to the window he noticed a queer procession. One of the oldest men of the village drove a group of girls who had no clothes whatsoever through the street, murmuring all the time words of a mysterious formula. The old man drove the girls out from the village and stood by while they harnessed themselves to ploughs. Then the group ploughed three times round the village in the course of the night. The teacher was horrified and arranged for an official inquiry next morning, which resulted in the establishment of the fact that all inhabitants of the village had concurred in, and were fanatically concerned about, what was admittedly a witchcraft ceremony. A report to Moscow was made.

PROSELYTES OF ATHEISM: Children are being used by the Soviet authorities to spread anti-religious propaganda. One is seen above with an atheistical banner at the Narcomfin Club (People's Commissariat of Finance)

Another case, which is a little mitigated by the generally uncivilized conditions of the people concerned, was reported from the Oka district, where the Drevlians and Polians, supposed to be the original Slavic peoples, live. A Soviet commission was able to ascertain there that regular Nettle-Festivals in honour of the Sun God Jarilo had recently been held. These festivals constitute a patent return to almost prehistoric heathen cults. The ritual dancing soon degenerated into an orgy accompanied by drunken songs.

The churches are closed, but the mystical urge within the Russian people turns the very market of the village into a place of worship, and bewildered and terrified by edicts and changes which they do not understand, they substitute instead of the worship of God the revived heathen cults of ancient times, the idolizing which has probably always existed like the fire under the ash.

No wonder, therefore, that the Soviet authorities are mending their ways. The Western nations must make no mistake about the cause for the sudden change in Russian anti-religious policy last week. It is due, not to the protestations of the Vatican and of public opinion in the outside world, but to the realization of the grave dangers of superstition rampant among the peasants.

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A FIRST AIR-IMPRESSION of an ICE PHENOMENON in the Antarctic

ICE IN TWO FORMATIONS: An imposing iceberg calved off from the Great Barrier so fretted that natural arches have been formed in it. Incidentally, approximately only one ninth of it is seen above the surface. It was noted in the Ross Sea by the City of New York *en route to pick up the Byrd Expedition in Little America. Below is the first overhead impression of "pressure ice" caused by the expansion and contraction of ice. This phenomenon sometimes raises the ice 30 and 40 ft. above the surface of the bay*

JOINING FLORENCE TO THE SEA: The new motor-road will run by the side of the viaduct at Seravalle-Pistoiese

Lady DRUMMOND-HAY writes on

WORLD AFFAIRS

An intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

NEWSPAPERS ACROSS THE WORLD.—The King's message to the annual dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund a little while ago, and the Duke of York's tribute to journalists and the Press on the same occasion, focussed public mind for a brief spell on that vaguest, most intangible, and fascinating of professions—journalism. If there is "no end" to the making of books, there is certainly "no beginning" of the making of newspapers, as far as the man-in-the-street is concerned. Ignoring the romance of his morning paper, he misses half the thrill and all the joy of it.

The oldest newspaper in the world is claimed to be *Ti Chau*, the famous *Peking Gazette*, established more than a thousand years ago. Issues appeared regularly from the time of the Tang Dynasty (620–905 A.D.) until the revolution against the Manchu Dynasty in 1911. Printing was invented in China about the same time. S. Wells Williams, in his book, the *Middle Kingdom*, writes "The honour of being the first inventor of moveable type undoubtedly belongs to a Chinese blacksmith named Pi Shung, who lived about A.D. 1000 and printed books with them nearly 500 years before Gutenberg cut his matrices at Mainz."

New China, of some 500,000,000 population, 95 per cent. of whom are illiterate, boasts—according to recent statistics—sixty-four Chinese daily newspapers in Peking alone. During the last four years newspaper circulation in Shanghai, Canton, Peking, and Tientsin has increased 400, 200, and 300 per cent. respectively.

Journalism in Japan owes its beginning to Mr. John Black, with his *Nisshin Shinjishi*, founded in 1872. Japan now has some 781 newspapers of which 209 are published in Tokyo. Mr. Seiji Noma, "Northcliffe" or "Hearst" of the Far East, claims 15,000,000 regular readers for his magazines, which include *King* with a guaranteed circulation of 1,500,000.

The first newspaper of the West was the *Acta Diurna* of ancient Rome, a small bulletin of Roman *Empire News*. Journalism began in Germany with *Das Frankfurter Journal*, established in 1615 by E. Emmel, and still in existence. The *Gazette de France*, published by Docteur Theophraste Renaudot in 1605; Nathaniel Butler's *Weekeley News*, published 1622 in London; *Publick Occurrences*, published in Boston, 1690, marked the beginning of newspapers and journalism in France, England, and America, three countries to-day where the Press is likeliest to have the first and last word in national affairs.

"Black journalism" as recently described by Carel Birkby from South Africa is well over forty years old. The *Imvo Zabantsundu*, started in King Williamstown, inaugurated the African negro Press, which to-day claims sixteen Bantu publications. At one time there were nineteen. The papers are printed in various African dialects. Carel Birkby remarks: "Sport awakes intense excitement. Sometimes the whole winning team waits upon an editor to see that no mistakes are made. Native teams find themselves queer, exotic names, 'The Lily White Hotspurs,' 'Highflyers Cricket Team,' 'The Infuriated Tigers' Tennis Society,' etc. The war-dance-style, execution, and general finish at the inter-mine competitions are criticized in a stringent way which resembles the judging at a Welsh Eisteddfod. General knowledge papers set on Biblical subjects are popular circulation raisers. Commercial advertisements, including second-hand automobiles at £100 to £195, saxophones at £20, expensive football jerseys and dozens of patent medicines, reveal that the black native is not always the pauper that folk overseas think him. 'Straightening fluids' to remove the kinks from the woolly hair of the negro have a large sale."

THE CHARMS OF ILLUSTRATED JOURNALISM appeal even to a highly decorated rickshaw boy in Natal

NAPOLEONANA.—The centuries burnish rather than dim the glamour of greatness. Genghiz Khan, Cleopatra, Alexander the Great, Napoleon, are, as human beings, much nearer to us to-day than they were to the mass of their contemporaries. So it will probably be in the future with our own contemporary heroes. Proximity dazzles or provokes to criticism and controversy. In the meantime the Church canonizes bygone Saints, the world waits breathlessly on the discovery of Alexander the Great's tomb, and Napoleonic museums grow apace. I have never been able to discover just how many of the latter there are in the world. In any case a new one has just been added to the number and an old one is for sale.

A Napoleonic museum has recently been created on the island of Aix in the Bay of Biscay. The dwelling in which Napoleon spent his last hours upon French soil houses the museum, the rooms occupied by the Emperor on July 13, 14, and 15, 1815, have been restored to their original arrangement. Baron Gourgaud, great-grandson of General Gourgaud, who accompanied the exiled Emperor to St. Helena, and M. Pierre Chanlaine, the French novelist, have assembled all material and relics connected with Napoleon's sojourn on the island.

The Napoleon Bonaparte Museum in Cairo is for sale. Stocked with souvenirs of one of the most interesting chapters of modern Egyptian history—the French invasion in 1798 and subsequent brief occupation—it was the creation and possession of Charles Gaillardot Bey. Gaillardot Bey died recently, and his widow, a friend of mine, writes that she must dispose of it. I have spent many hours in the picturesque Oriental house, with its cool courtyard, fretted masonry, still atmosphere of romance, tucked away in a network of narrow streets in the "native" quarter of Cairo. The ten rooms are piled from ceiling to floor with an intriguing miscellany of Napoleonic souvenirs, including the death mask of the "Little Corporal" brought from St. Helena. There are bronze figures of the musicians of Bonaparte's army in Egypt, contemporary prints, statuettes, and about 10,000 volumes, Arab and Druse manuscripts.

THE ENCHANTED ISLE.—The annals of Napoleon's invasion of Egypt chronicle the fantastic birth of the "Enchanted Isle" of Gheziret Dabsha opposite Matanieh in the Nile. Since time immemorial the mighty river had flowed languidly an unbroken course over the spot where the island now stands. In 1801, two of Napoleon's soldiers of fortune sat on the Nile bank watching a barge heavily laden with granite from Upper Egypt, struggling under the lashing wind of a desert gale, churning the usually placid waters to fury. The barge sank. The island was born.

In 1905 an Englishman, Major Fischer, bought land on the island, which more than a century's accumulation of mud and drift had increased to a good size. When I stayed on the island with Major Fischer a few years ago, Gheziret Dabsha was about 250 acres in extent, 150 acres of which was under cultivation. The vegetation is unique in Egypt. Avenues of tall casuarinas chequer the island. Groves of trees including bananas, apples, pears, mangoes, oranges, paw paws, no less than twenty varieties of plums, guavas, cherries, loquats, almonds, limes, mandarines, lemons, grapefruits, and coco-nut palms flourish in the rich soil under the Egyptian sun. Grape-vines, asparagus-beds which in the season were supplying Cairo with more than a quarter of a ton of asparagus a day, between 4,000 and 5,000 rose bushes, not to mention large experimental nurseries for flowers and fruits from all continents and climates, made this "enchanted island" a veritable Arcadia.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR.—Prince Kimmochi Saionji, the eighty-one-year-old Elder Statesman and last surviving Genro, nearly died of pneumonia recently. Japan was plunged into national anxiety. The Emperor and Empress sent flowers, fruits, delicacies, and constant messengers with Imperial inquiries. For Prince Saionji is not only the highest ranking civil subject of the Emperor, but represents a traditional institution of Government to which the conservative Japanese people cling. There are no more Genros. The Japanese Constitution does not mention the Genro. I understand that Prince Saionji himself advised against the appointment of a titular successor, suggesting that in future the Lord Privy Seal should hold corresponding office.

The Genro, like Emperor or King, is above the battle of party politics. He is independent of both Chambers of the Diet. Cabinets may fall, Prime Ministers come and go, but the Elder Statesman, mature in years, tested in wisdom, serene in experience, laden with honours, is far removed from influences of fear, favour, impetuosity, or ambition. His remaining span of life is devoted to advising his master and to serving his country. The institution of Genro is purely Japanese, its inauguration lost in the mists of antiquity. Twice Prime Minister, one time President of the Seiyukai, Chief of the Japanese Delegation to the Peace Conference in 1919, Prince Saionji is one of the only two Japanese to hold the Grand Order of the Chrysanthemum with the Necklace. The other is Fleet-Admiral Count Heiachiro Togo.

GENERAL BLUCHER: The Commander of the Red Army in the Far East, known from time to time as General Galen Burossow and Vassili Buroff, among thirty-two aliases. He held the rank of sergeant in the War, where he was distinguished for bravery. He has been given the Order of the Red Banner four times, and is the first to be invested with the new Order of the Red Star

IN HONOUR OF DEPARTED COMRADES: A section of the 69th regiment of field artilery which assembled in Muenster, where a monument to the fallen men of the regiment is erected. A convention of the present regiment was held

THE ROYAL CANA

The Work of a Magnificent Body of Men, Renam this Year in t

A LINK IN THE "THIN RED LINE" OF CIVILIZATION: A typical "Mountie" in full dress

ON PATROL: In many districts canoe travel is interrupted by land, and the craft are "portaged" to the next stream

AN OUTPOST OF CIVILIZATION off Cumberland Gulf, Baffin Isla is the "La

The show-ring glitters and blares, the lights aflame on scarlet and gold, agleam on brass and steel. Our blood thrills, remembering all we have read and heard. We cheer. We are captivated by the speed, the beauty, movement, and grace of this display at Olympia, this glimpse of the men and the horses of Inspector Thomas Dann's detachment of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police come from afar off to give the Empire's capital a glimpse of the riders of the plains at play.

It is all so "pretty," so "civilized," that it seems a world away from the grim yet splendid things we associate with the great name of this Force. As we watch—and afterwards—we ask ourselves questions, scores of them, not in carping mood but because Olympia and the wide North-West are—well, so different, and times have changed, in Canada as elsewhere, and sad experience has taught us to peep beneath the robes of heroic idols in quest of feet of clay.

Is the Force—we ask—as fine as it once was—or is said to be? Is it as useful? Does it still find stirring deeds to do, among Indians and sich? Have modern conditions killed its ability to render service—and its romance?

As one born in the Force, close to it all my life, historian on one of its Arctic expeditions and accustomed to tell its story in print or on the lecture platform to hundreds of thousands of people, I have been asked these questions eagerly innumerable times. And every time the curious inquirer, the packed faces, or the show-ring fade away and I see such a picture as this:

A young white man in Eskimo clothing is starting a journey in midwinter with only one dog-team and komatik (sled), and only one comrade, a native. He starts from a little group of buildings banked high with snow in a place called Ponds Inlet, on desolate Baffin Island, 400 miles north of the Arctic Circle. Day after day, meeting nothing but an occasional polar bear and once or twice an Eskimo camp, he fights his way southward, through furious blizzards and bitter cold, till he comes to the River Clyde. Here he confers with the manager of the trading post (a Mr. Troup, of —naturally—the Hudson's Bay Company). And Troup tells him that he fears he has come too late, for Eskimo rumour whispers that the man he has been ordered to save is dead.

No matter, he must see for himself. His Eskimo helper is exhausted, but Troup, who understands it all, takes one of his own natives and goes with him. The trio—Troup, the native, and this indomitable young man—struggle on three days till they reach a haggard headland, Cape Kater, where they halt by a shack.

For years this post has been occupied by one Hector Pitchforth, an Englishman, clinging with fanatical devotion to his charge while vainly awaiting relief. Waiting, he has grown nearly blind and almost deaf, he exists in absolute solitude, and enterprising journalists in faraway civilization have not inaptly called him "the loneliest man in the world." Of late, the Canadian Government (whose jurisdiction runs thus far, yes, and much farther) has become anxious—hence, *entre nous*, the visit of our young man from Ponds Inlet. Approaching the post with Troup, he finds "no sign of life." . . . The place has "a very neglected appearance. The shack is barricaded on the north-east and west side with rock and chinked with moss. On the south side a small lean-to porch is built with a door about 3 ft. high." This door is "blown over with snow." He tries it. It is fastened. He breaks it open to find "Mr. Hector J. H. Pitchforth, lying dead in bed with every appearance of having died peacefully."

For months the "remains" await the coming of "the ship." She comes. The inquest is duly held, and Mr. Hector J. H. Pitchforth is properly buried — thanks to Constable J. Murray of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

It seems like an episode from a bygone more chivalrous age. Yet it happened so recently that the earth has barely hardened above Pitchforth's grave.

Such work as this—its object to demonstrate that Canada, in accordance with our good old British principles, is determined to govern, assist, and protect all people in her territories, whoever and wherever they may be—typifies the Arctic phase of the activities of the present-day Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

Though founded in 1873, the Force has held jurisdiction over all Canada only since 1920. Many valuable institutions were wantonly overthrown during the chaos following the Great War. In Canada, as elsewhere, foolish people lost their heads. The Force, under the name of Royal North-West Mounted Police, had safeguarded the Western Provinces and the North-West Territories for nearly fifty years. The provinces now had their own police forces and were, apparently, grown up. So the Royal North-West Mounted Police, the hotheads thought, were no longer needed. Fortunately, wiser men decided that if the Force's name were slightly altered and its powers extended to include the whole Dominion it might be saved. "But," said its enemies, "even then it will not have enough to do."

WHERE FRANKLIN WINTERED: Beechey Island—a close-up view of the spot where the intrepid explorer sheltered before the total loss of his last expedition. Inset above—A "MOUNTY" IN WINTER KIT

DIAN MOUNTED POLICE

and Reorganized within Recent Years—A Body Represented Horse Show—Described

By HARWOOD STEELE

The change was made. To-day, with an approximate strength of one thousand all ranks, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police operate from Atlantic to Pacific, and from the international boundary-line to Bache Peninsula, latitude 79.04 North, longitude 76.18 West, where they maintain, within 11 deg. of the Pole, not only the most northerly Government post, but the most northerly human habitation in the world. And, instead of "not having enough to do," the Force is actually handling more cases and carrying out more duties than ever before! In fact, so heavy is the burden that the Commissioner repeatedly protests against the overwork. Perhaps he might ease the load were he willing to accept more than 8 per cent. of the two thousand-odd applicants for enlistment who annually seek to win their spurs under him. But, after all the standard must be maintained. This is by the way. The point is that, in 1928 (figures for 1929 are not available as I write), 46,395 cases were dealt with by the Force whereas it handled only 29,955 in 1927; also that by 1926 the volume of work accomplished had become five times greater than it was in 1921.

A summer R.C.M.P. patrol The police motor-launch Borden"

The following condensed list gives a faint idea of the varied nature of the duties regularly performed. The Force to-day is responsible for the enforcement of the Criminal Code in the Yukon, the North-West Territories, Saskatchewan, the National Parks, and on Indian reserves; for permanent guards on Government buildings, dockyards, and other institutions; the administration of certain areas in the Far North; the enforcement of many regulations respecting wireless, fisheries, migratory birds, explosives, timber, and game; activities against smugglers, especially as regards liquor and narcotic drugs; checking-up immigrants and criminals; the suppression of counterfeiting; the escorting of trainloads of harvesters and of officials sent to pay the Indians their "treaty money"; the collection of revenue in certain districts; the recovery of stolen Government property; the pursuit of mail thieves; payment of the bounty allowed wolf-hunters; the relief of the sick and destitute; and finally, "co-operating with other departments," a phrase of infinite elasticity. A modern Mounted Policeman may be told to-day to mind a settler's baby, to-morrow to protect his Honorary Commandant, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

POLICE OF SCIENCE: A constable excavating ruins of native houses centuries old at Craig Harbour

Every facility offered by science is at his disposal. He travels, not only on horseback and on foot, by dog team, boat, canoe, and horse-drawn vehicle, but also by steamboat, power-launch, motor-cycle, motor-car, and aeroplane. He makes extensive use of wireless, he maps and explores, he mans a "floating detachment" (the *St. Roch* in the Western Arctic), and to show that he has not lost ground he wins innumerable competitions, as for instance in 1928, when a team of five men of the Mounted Police made the highest revolver score on record.

Nor does the number of cases dealt with truly reflect the amount of work done. Remember that a good police force strives to prevent crime, to make "cases" impossible. Similarly, though startling incidents are thick enough God knows, the fact that they are not so numerous as they once were is the highest possible evidence of the Force's efficiency.

Revert now to the Arctic phase and you find all this at its best. Scattered across the mainland and the Arctic islands, whose land area exceeds the whole of Western Europe, one hundred all ranks, in detachments of two or three, to-day maintain the King's peace in the whole of the Canadian Far North. In 1881, Great Britain bequeathed this enormous territory, won by her heroic discoverers, to Canada. And Canada, accepting this sacred trust, has administered it ever since. Sentiment plays a part. But the Force is also there, firstly, because the inhabitants, the white trappers, traders, missionaries, and prospectors, the Indians and the Eskimos, must be governed and protected; secondly, because the land is very rich, actually and potentially, in animal and mineral wealth; and thirdly, because air bases will spring up in it some day.

Every Arctic detachment is a microscopic government, the N.C.O. in charge being postmaster, customs collector, game warden, magistrate, and Lord High Everything Else. Every man selected goes North for two years, though he may come out on board the annual relief ship at the end of one if he so desires. He cannot come out earlier because chains of ice and snow imprison him for twelve months once he is in. Do many come out at the end of that first tremendous year? The awful loneliness, the long months of Arctic night, the dreadful cold and blizzards endured upon the trail, the risk of serious sickness or injury beyond the reach of doctors—do they readily surrender to these and to all the other perils inseparable from Arctic service? Well, I know veterans who have spent twenty years in the North and are still there. And here is the recent testimony of Superintendent James Ritchie:

> "The service in the Far North is a great attraction . . . and it is remarkable the excellent health the men have, notwithstanding the rigours of an Arctic climate. Many of them have no wish to come out, being quite contented at their isolated posts; some of them have not been out for thirteen years. . . What I am trying to convey is that the North is very appealing."

THE EMBLEM OF JUSTICE: The Jack flying over Franklin Cenotaph, Beechey Island—the pillar of Canadian supremacy in the Far North

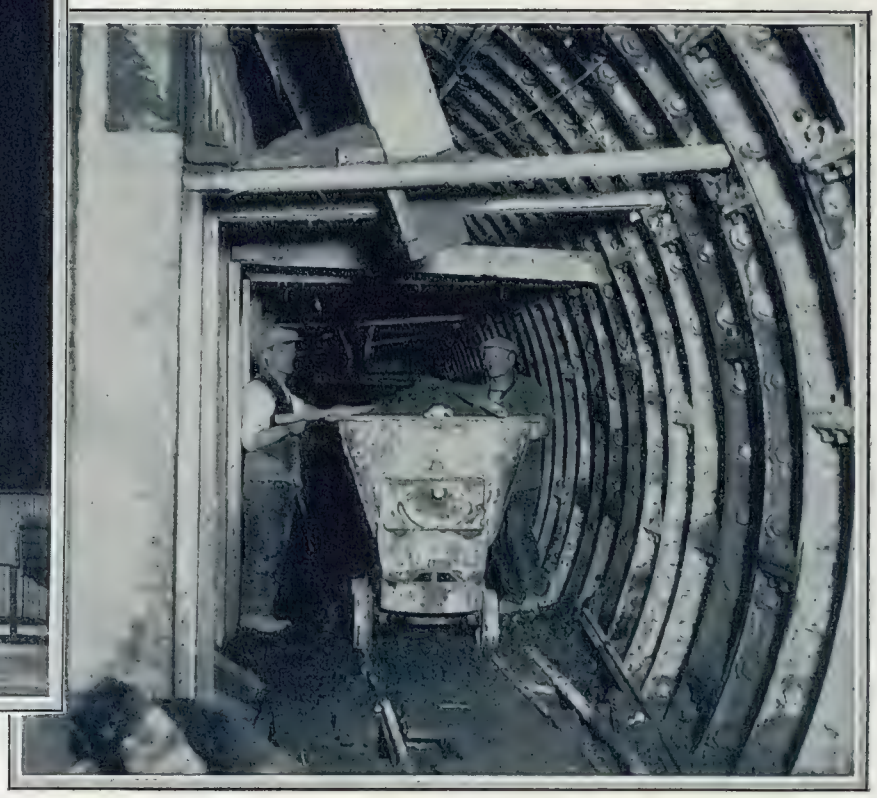
It is literally impossible to convey in a few words any sense of the stupendous achievements of the modern Force. Their tours of inspection, exploration trips and long pursuits, made in winter with dogs and sleds over the treacherous frozen sea or the river ice, in summer by boat and canoe, eclipse the most remarkable exploits of the most famous polar travellers. "Our men," says the Commissioner calmly, "now as a matter of routine traverse regions which not long ago were the objects of difficult and tedious discovery." Experience, careful organization and training, the selection of the right men—plus incomparable *esprit de corps*—these hold the secret of this truly wonderful success.

UNLOADING STORES: A scene at Craig Harbour, Ellesmere Island, showing a glimpse of the difficulties of maintaining dominion in the ice-bound fastnesses of the Far North

Enlarging London's Tramway Tunnel

From Southampton Row to the Embankment

THE EMBANKMENT ENTRANCE: A lorry is seen waiting to take away the debris which is excavated from the tunnel. It is brought out in a truck and hoisted into the lorry by means of a crane



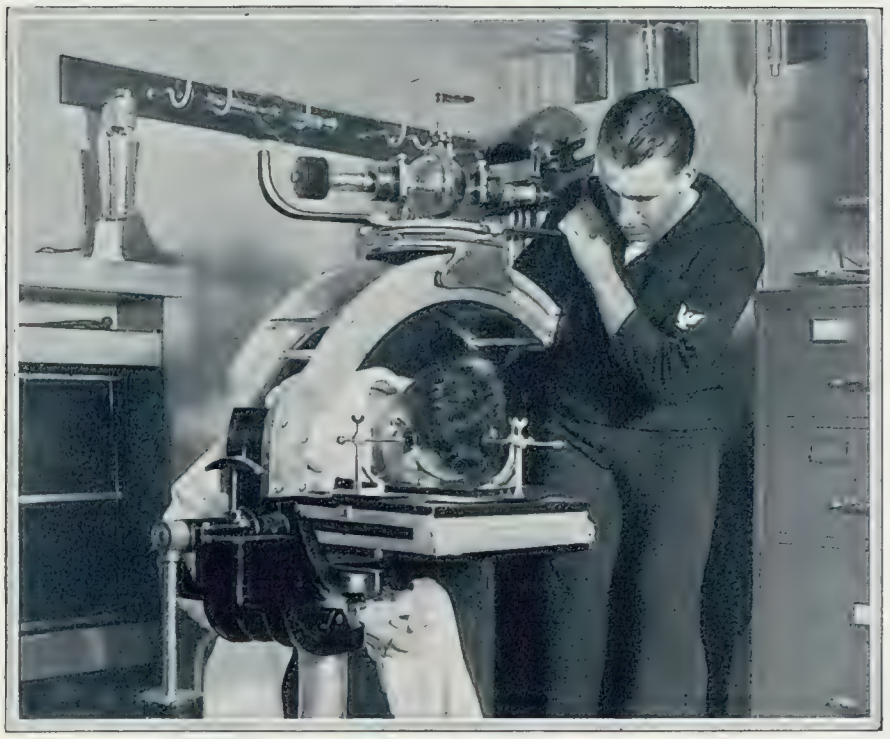
SHEATHING TO BE REMOVED: A section of the tunnel on which work is in progress. This tube beneath the metropolis is to be enlarged to admit of double-decker trams being run through it. The steel sheathing is to be removed and new and larger sheathing substituted for it. It is hoped that the work will be completed in September or October

THE SCENE ABOVE AND BELOW ALDWYCH: The Kingsway subway is being enlarged. Just between "The Sphere's" home and the Gaiety Theatre is a hoarding, behind which concrete is mixed and shot down a chute into the tunnel where it is loaded into small trucks pulled by a petrol-driven locomotive

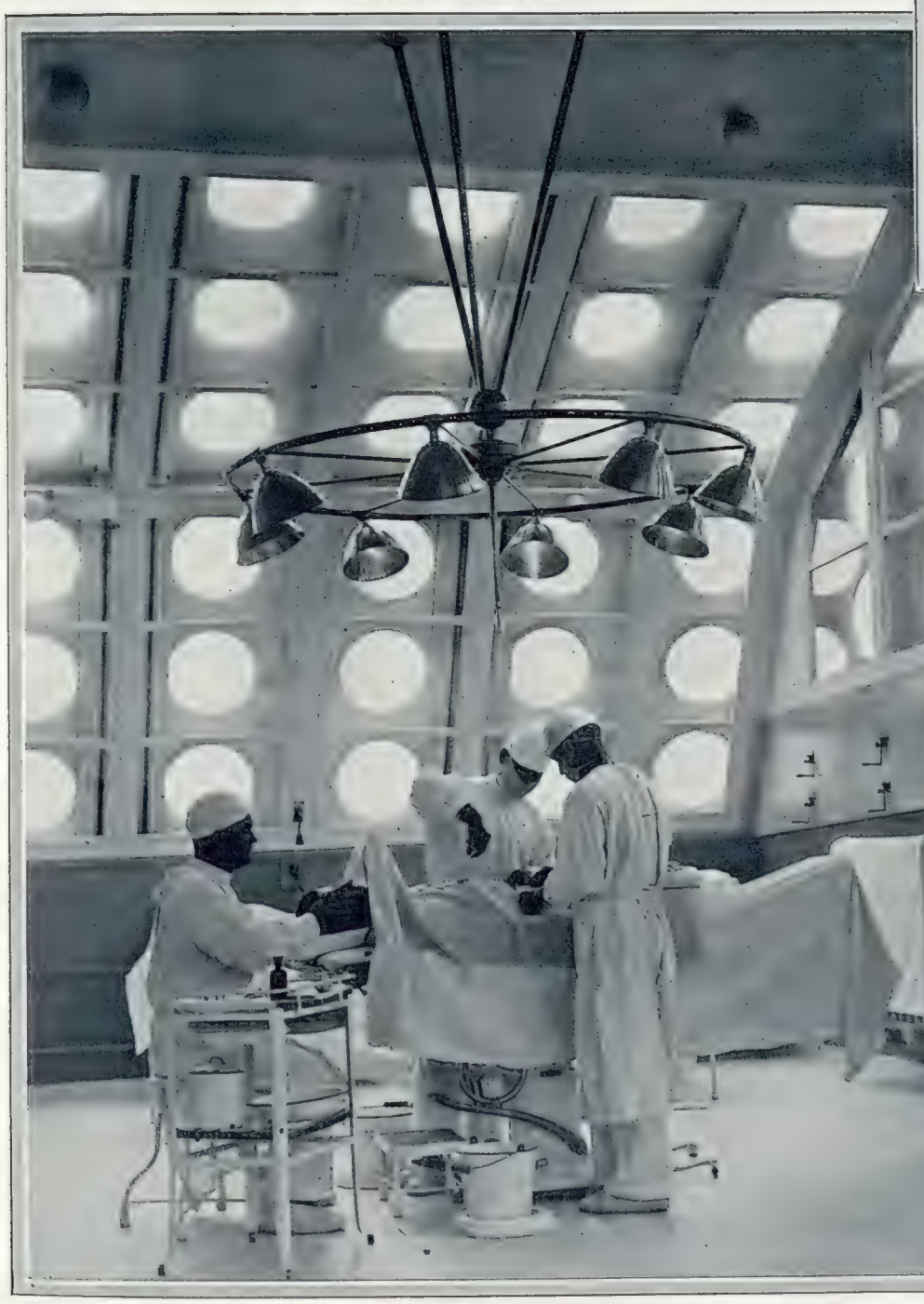
BENEATH THE SURFACE OF HOLBORN: A scene in the underground tramway between the Embankment and Southampton Row which is being enlarged to allow double-decker trams to pass through it. The roof is seen above in process of demolition. This is one of the most elaborate pieces of work now in progress. The work began with the current year and will be finished two or three months before its end

Science and Mechanics

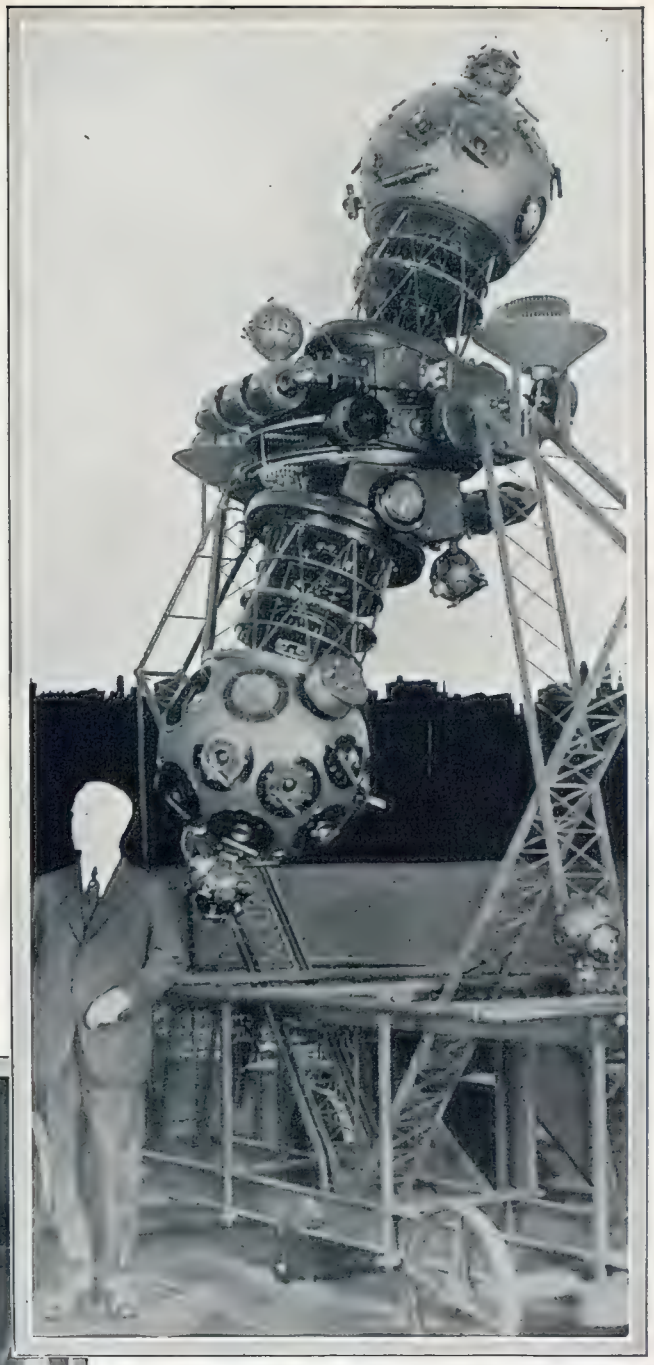
The Latest Developments in Varied Fields



"RELIEF" TO BRING RELIEF: The American hospital ship is well-named "Relief." She is the only one of her type in the U.S. Navy. On board first-class medical attention is provided. The X-ray table is seen above in action on a seaman's skull



A FLOATING "THEATRE": An operation in progress on board the U.S. hospital ship "Relief." The apparatus in the theatre is as elaborate and as efficient as that in the best equipped hospital on land. The nursing staff is feminine. The ship has recently been anchored with the fleet in the Hudson off New York



SHOOTING STARS—IN CHICAGO: The Zeiss projector of the planetarium, costing £18,000, erected at the Stellar Museum recently opened in the Middle-Western city

THE GREATEST LONG-DISTANCE EXCHANGE IN EUROPE: The automatic exchange in Berlin—The more delicate mechanisms are protected under glass

The first Stellar Museum of its kind in America was opened in Chicago on May 12. This was erected at a cost of 1,000,000 dollars. The complex Zeiss projector at the planetarium is seen above. Inside the instrument, are 119 projectors. It depicts the movements of planets over a period of from one day to 24,000 years in a maximum time of seven minutes.

RANGOON AFLAME

Why the Burman Despises the Indian "Invader"

CONCERNED WITH THE RANGOON RIOTS: A group of typical Hpoongyis, or Buddhist priests, with their novitiates. On right is one of those who, armed with "dah" or dagger, sought Indians in the street

Burma, like many another picturesque country, has suffered in the past from the inability of the hard-headed West to take it seriously, and that this silk-clad, *dolce far niente* people should, in the last few days, have come suddenly into the confused picture with which events in India have presented us, and to be producing street-fighting casualty lists comparable with India's best efforts in that direction, seems at first sight to be a contradiction in terms.

The reason, however, is as clear as crystal. But to understand it fully we must get our definitions and our mental pictures straight. Burma has, it is true, an extremely picturesque and attractive exterior; but it also has a soul. It has moreover a mind and will of its own. Easily understood by us since these not only differ from, but are diametrically opposed to, the Indian mentality which is so incomprehensible to the West.

To begin with, the Burmans are Mongolian. They have no single point in common with Aryan India. They very properly look down on Indians as an inferior race, and intensely dislike those of them whom we have imported into the land. Most unfortunately we have presented them with the worst type, the Dravidians of Southern India, who are ethnologically by no means high in the scale and are none the more lovable for the fact that they gravitate naturally to the lower occupations of daily life and the menial employments which the Burman will not face.

The slums, docks, and wharfsides of Rangoon are full of them. To this aversion a final point is given by the unfortunate fact that the Burman and Southern Indian make a very bad "cross," the resulting *zarbádi* being, if possible, a shade worse than the "native Christian" of India, at whose approach we instinctively button up our pockets.

The Burman's daily life is of a higher standard than that of India. He lives in a good house, well, and often artistically, built of solid timber of the many durable and semi-valuable kinds which abound in the forests of his land. He does not "pig" his meals off a brass platter on a mud floor. His clothing is for the most part of silk, hand-woven and hand-dyed to colours of incredible picturesqueness. Thanks to a superlatively rich soil, his labour is little and his leisure great, and he is the victim of none of that "inferiority complex" inseparable from the day-long grind which gets a bare living out of Indian soil.

He will have spent one or more years of his youth in his native *hpoongyi-kyaung*, or monastery, where he gets a knowledge of the inner workings of his own religion and of his fellow monks who are its outward sign; in this he is saved from the gloomy secrecy in the close-hedged religious observance which makes Brahman spiritual and social domination so easy in India. He is, putting it broadly, in full possession of a prosperous and leisured body and of a not unworthy soul; and on these two essential counts alone he may well claim superiority to the Indian.

Last, and by no means least, he is blessed with a capable, energetic, and supremely attractive wife, whose traditional picturesqueness has blinded us to her importance in the Burman social scheme. Her almost manicured neatness, her quick good humour, and the amount of spare time she seems to have for both prayer and play, in no way prevent her from being the business head of the community; the shopkeeper, housekeeper, at least the equal of her man as a field-worker, and withal a very efficient and affectionate mother.

The kiddies? Here is no naked, pot-bellied urchin of India who flees screaming from the sight of a white face, but a dainty and withal fearless little bit of yellow porcelain with a solemn curiosity about all things, a ready grin, and good sound toys to play with. He, the youngster, is no whit worse clothed than his elders.

In and about this gay, friendly, and above all efficient throng, moves soft-footed the yellow-garbed monk of the Buddhist faith. By a very sound rule every Burman in his youth is sent to the nearest monastery, where, head shaven and clothed as a monk, he learns his letters and the workings of his religion. When he has learnt enough there is no compulsion whatever for him to stay, and he can—and in most cases does—depart when he will. But if, in the course of learning what is essentially an open, helpful, and particularly kindly religion, he is smitten with the peace and silence of the wide and home-like cloisters and wishes to stay, he becomes a *hpoongyi*.

But, headed by the *Thatana baing*, the Primate of this Buddhist land, reigns a hierarchy by no means out of touch with realities. Burma, the last and on the whole purest stronghold of the "Middle Way," has no false notions concerning the thousand years during which the teachings of Buddha kept all Hindustan sound and wholesome, and which provided the only possible example of that Golden Age for the return of which the degraded Hindu India of to-day makes such false clamour. The Golden Age. Buddha, Asoka, a long dynasty of straight-living aristocrats who, not content with an India clean and innocent in an age of bestial self-indulgence, sent missionaries all over Asia to bring the teachings of their faith into the darkness of heathendom.

But moving as a steady and poisonous undercurrent, an obscurantist observance, a spiritual and social tyranny—no man could call it a religion—worked steadily for the undermining of the Faith which denied to the priesthood any influence but that which was spiritual. By slow and incredibly clever degrees, the Brahmanism which battened on the credulity and fears of the lowest orders of India sapped at the foundations of Buddhism. Making a show of adopting its teachings, it gradually, very cleverly, obscured them with a meaningless ritual designed to one end only—the complication of the crystal simplicity of the Rule of Life; that Rule which taught salvation by good works rather than by priest-ordered fears and superstitions. A thousand years of venomously patient labour it took before Buddhism was degraded till, indistinguishable from the gross fears and obscene observances of Brahmanism, it fell away from the land, giving place to a myriad pot-bellied, malevolent, and carnal deities, and in whose name the Hindu priest, from the Himalaya to Cape Comorin, has enslaved the souls and bodies of men.

The wiser heads of the Burman Buddhist hierarchy have every sound and laudable reason for mistrusting, for detesting the Brahmanism which to-day has almost thrown aside the veil of secret prompting in the uprising which it has staged against us.

For a generation they have closely watched developments in India itself. For close on thirty years they have noted how Brahmanism, outwardly acquiescent, has worked steadily for the undermining of the British Raj and has used the catchwords of political "uplift" to this end—tenacious and conservative in a cleverness which the passing of centuries has not been able to change, and working for temporal power by the same subterranean means as those which served it 2,000 years ago in the spiritual.

EVERY BURMESE YOUTH GOES TO A MONASTERY: The southern shrine of the Shwe Dagone pagoda, Rangoon

Those of us who have served the Government in Burma know well that the movement is definitely not anti-British, but anti-Indian, and that were we to-morrow to surrender to the forces of disorder which are now playing Donnybrook Fair in places as far apart as Peshawar and Chittagong, Delhi and Madras, Burma would ask for nothing better than, under our rule, to pass into its natural, religious, and ethnological orbit, and with the Federated Malay States make one friendly, prosperous, and easily-governed race from Assam to Singapore.

The fact that in the last few days we have seen monks leading the Rangoon populace in vindictive attacks on Madrassi Indians is a symptom only of the main tendency; a straw to show how runs a current which, unless we can show some unmistakable sign of resuming our threatened supremacy in India, may well become an overwhelming flood. Whether in Ireland, in South Africa, or in India, we English have acquired a bad name for deserting our friends and offering them as a sacrifice to our enemies; and the Burman, with clear-headed and determined foresight, has neither wish nor intention to add himself to the tale of burnt-offerings.

M.

Drawn by D. MACPHERSON

THE ATTACK

of many nations

upon the

VIRGIN SUMMIT

of

KANCHENJUNGA

The great attack upon the Himalayan peak of Kanchenjunga, conducted by great mountaineers of many nations, has hitherto not succeeded in its attempt to reach the summit. An avalanche has already claimed one of the most experienced native porters as a sacrifice and bade fair to overwhelm Herr Schneider, one of the leaders. The escape of the party can only be called a miracle of the mountains. The avalanche was quite exceptional in size even for the Himalaya, as it covered an area above a mile square. It swept the route on the ice-wall diagonally, completely obliterating the lower part of the route made by Wieland and Smythe. The top party lost a large quantity of rope and all their *pitons* as well as some loads abandoned by the porters when they ran for their lives. The north route, has now definitely been abandoned as absolutely impregnable, and the western ridge, which is shown above, is now being assailed. This ridge is longer its possibilities are unknown. Thus, whatever the result and of the attempt on the summit, valuable exploration work will be achieved. Kanchenjunga is probably the least accessible of all the great peaks. Its ice batteries rake every approach from the north. The huge northern face is protected at every point as though by human ingenuity—perhaps, indeed, by Kangmi, the god of Kanchenjunga, in whom the porters so firmly believe!

A VENETIAN IDYLL

and Some Other Excursions in BOOKS by . . .

. . CECIL ROBERTS

Author of *Scissors, Sails of Sunset*, and *The Love Rack*, who is now contributing the book page to "The Sphere"

I thought I knew Venice, not the Venice of Lido Excelsior, Danieli's Bar, Florian's, and the Luna Dancing, but the Venice where you turn a corner and stumble upon the fifteenth century. Mr. Victor Cunard has taken the old Palazzo Vendramini in Carmina, and brought back its splendour as when Henri de Regnier lived on its mezzanine floor through one cold winter. It was of this old palace, when formerly in a semi-derelict condition, that Miss Helen Mackay's *Gondolas Pass* (Heinemann. 6s.) reminded me, as also of another magnificent place where two of us one day wondered whether we could do anything with a large garden, a vast ballroom with *cinquecento* ceiling, six salons, and twelve bedrooms, without a single bathroom, and no lighting—for £100 a year!

Thus it happens that these magnificent old palaces in the side canals are shuttered up, or infested with a dozen families whose washing is all in tone with blue Italian skies. I have often speculated on the life of one of those families. Well here it is all told, with a knowledge and a delicacy that make this small book a classic of the Venetian poor. It has the compression and force of a sonnet, if such a term may do justice to its lyrical beauty. It is the story of Zà-Bi, or White Paws, a delicate little Venetian girl who carries on her frail shoulders the upbringing of a deserted family. There are vivid pictures of the migration from Venice after Caporetto, of Venice under the new force of Fascismo, but these are subordinated to the personal history of Zà-Bi, the heroine. She works in a restaurant, and then in the hospital that stands by the great equestrian statue of Colleoni. Transferred to a Lido hotel as a linen maid, romance touches her, to bring tragedy in its train. I would not have forgiven Miss Mackay if she had been cowardly enough to avoid a happy ending—the unhappy ending is essential in the modern school of our dismal young people—but although we leave Zà-Bi dying, it is the fever of life that is killing her, and the only doctor for that malady advances through the ward to her bed. A truly exquisite story of a city made for exquisite stories.

When I was a boy I saw for the first time a live author. He had long black hair, dark, vivid eyes, and said things so passionately that, although I felt he would never be accurate, I knew he would always be interesting. That author was Stephen Graham, and twenty years of his books have not changed my opinion. Here is a collection of his essays, gathered during twenty-five years, *The Death of Yesterday* (Benn. 8s. 6d.), and I am glad to have it. These papers are too good to be fugitive. He writes vitally of Chesterton, Petrarch and Laura, Cunninghame Graham, Hergesheimer, Lindsay, and of course the Russians. But I find he is most fascinating when he obtrudes his personal opinions, as in his bold reference to the political buccaneers who got away with the Marconi scandal. It is a man talking who has not foregone the right of independent thought in an age of radio and book-of-the-month clubs. "Literary criticism in this country is, however, minority criticism. The intellectuals hold the field, and that is why a certain amount of legitimate fame has been denied Kipling." My one disagreement with that sentence is the flattering word "intellectuals." But I could wish so hearty a user of the broadsword would step more carefully on facts. Cunninghame Graham—or Don Roberto as we like to call him—can be found in *Who's Who*, and Conrad's favourite novel was not *The Nigger of the Narcissus* but *Nostromo*, his least known and best beloved, for so he once told me when I asked him.

RICHARD ALDINGTON

The famous author of *Death of a Hero*, who is now busily engaged in Paris. Mr. Aldington is one of the many well-known English writers who prefer to live abroad. The Gardens of the Palace of the Luxembourg have inspired Mr. Aldington for his new long narrative poem about modern love, *A Dream in the Luxembourg*, which has just been published. This poem has already achieved an unusually great success for a poem, and is rapidly becoming a "best seller." Mr. Aldington has just published a very brilliant and penetrating study of Lawrence under the simple title of *D. H. Lawrence*. Mr. Aldington has also just completed a translation of *Boccaccio*

After the womb-to-tomb thousand-page novel, is the age of the booklet upon us? Here is Mr. Richard Aldington with two. *At All Costs* (Heinemann. 1s.) is a well told little story of men in a trench under sentence of death, for they are forewarned of an attack which would wipe them out. It would be interesting, if one had any interest left for these war journeys that seem without end. In his study, *D. H. Lawrence* (Chatto and Windus. 1s.), Mr. Aldington has reissued his essay on that late genius. He draws an intimate portrait from personal knowledge, and Lawrence is fortunate in engaging so skilful and admiring an advocate. But surely it is nonsense to assert that England persecutes her men of genius? "Think of Shakespeare, throwing up a social career in London, leaving his plays unpublished and going contemptuously home."

I do not believe Shakespeare had any social ambitions. He went home when he had made his money, a successful producer not worrying about his reception as a poet. Nor can I regard, with Mr. Aldington, Shelley and Byron as persecuted. They asked for it, and got it, as also Lawrence. He was a man of genius undoubtedly, but you could not be half-an-hour in his presence, and the down-pour of iconoclasm and blasphemy, without realizing he was a very unhealthy person, mentally and physically. Mr. Aldington puts his finger on the trouble when he tells us that Lawrence never got beyond 1912. He was, indeed, "a survival of class-hatred." Mr. Aldington's sympathetic study cannot alter the fact, or the sadness of it.

When we are inclined to believe that our own age is a corrupt one, it is a good thing to turn to a book like *Queen Caroline* (Benn, Ltd. 21s.). Sir Edward Parry is the kind of historian I like. You know his opinion of the people he is writing about, and he wastes no fine phrases on a downright blackguard. Every sentence is enjoyable, and his defence of Queen Caroline, well-documented and reasoned, produces in George, Prince of Wales, one of the most contemptible blackguards of history. His persecution of this unhappy woman reads like a chapter from the Renaissance, and it is to the credit of the English people that he never succeeded by his lies, false evidence, and bribery, in divorcing her from their sympathy. The event was never officially reported upon. Sir Edward Parry has given us a terrible picture of the corruption of Society, and of a trial that is one of the scandals of English history. From his pen the story lives.

In the old parish church of Great Torrington, Devon, there lies Samuel Johnson, aged twenty-four years. He was no relation of the great lexicographer but they once met, as is recorded in a delightful series of letters written to his sister and family. They have been edited by Miss M. Radcliffe, his great-great-great-niece. *Sir Joshua's Nephew* (John Murray. 10s. 6d. net.) The letters were written between 1769–78, and their chief interest lies, not in the fact that the young man lived with Reynolds at one time, but in the financial details we are given of life in those days. Samuel was a bit of a prig, but he was a likeable prig with a kind heart. When the two Johnsons met, the elder playfully accepted him as his son, but "a disobedient dog, I can make nothing of him I fear, I believe I must disinherit him," he said, with a twinkle. The younger Johnson was much impressed by his great namesake:

> "His knowledge is infinite, and my Aunt says that she never found him ignorant of one thing, but the method of splitting Pease (for his knowledge extends to all the mechanical arts, even to the making of custards)."

My disappointment in Paul Robeson's performance as Othello does not diminish my admiration for the genius and pluck of this negro. I doubt also whether Robeson is the great actor we are assured he is, even by Eugene O'Neill, but of his voice there can be no question. It is lost in speaking parts. The Robeson of this book is a much greater man than a mere actor. He represents the triumphant, modest representative of an unhappy race whose problem is not yet worked out. The merits of this book lie in the naïve method of his wife, Eslanda Robeson, who has given us this hymn of praise, *Paul Robeson: Negro* (Gollancz. 6s.), and made the man such an attractive personality. It should be read also by all Englishmen in order that the problem of the negro in U.S.A. may be comprehended.

Here is a novel covering three centuries, *Coronet*, by Manuel Komroff (Harrap. 8s. 6d.). I found it tedious, and Mr. Komroff's life seems to have been much more interesting than his theme. Born in New York, he has lived in Petrograd and had adventures all over the world. I admired the sweep of his canvas, from the Renaissance to the White Army in Russia in 1919, but the theme of aristocracy in decadence, with a coronet and a whip as symbols through the centuries, is somewhat forced.

Gabriel Miró wrote a masterpiece in *Figures of the Passion of Our Lord;* this new book from his pen is not a masterpiece, *Our Father San Daniel* (Benn. 7s. 6d.), and has been well termed a Spanish *Barchester*. This chronicle of nineteenth-century society in a Spanish cathedral city is stodgy, but amiably stodgy.

We are again in ecclesiastical circles with *War in Heaven* (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.), by Charles Williams. I did not find my brain beating as well as my heart, as declares an extravagant wrapper. But this is an unusual murder story mixed up with the Holy Graal, and is well worked out.

I have read and enjoyed—

A Quiet Street (Secker. 7s. 6d.), by Michael Ossorgin. He is of the Russian school with a grim manner in this story of modern Moscow.

The Car of Cræsus (Mathews and Marrot, Limited. 7s. 6d.), by Ernest Poole. It is worthy of the pen that wrote *The Harbour*, and tells of the adventures of a luxurious limousine hired out by a broken prince to lovers of temporary splendour.

A Wayfarer in Bavaria (Methuen. 7s. 6d.), by S. Barbe Baker. It set me longing again for Munich, *ledenhoser* shirts, beer gardens, and Bavarian *gemutlich*.

Eleutheros (Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d.), by J. F. Roxburgh. The headmaster of Stowe here discusses the future of public schools. The sense of the book made me feel he is the kind of headmaster I should like to have.

briefly commended

The Mechanism of Nature, by *E. N. da C. Andrade*. (Bell. 6s. net.)—It is of great assistance to the layman if the great physical discoveries can be interpreted to him in terms intelligible to his limitations. This volume performs such signal service for the science of physics.

The Genuine in Shakespeare: A Conspectus, by *J. M. Robertson*. (Routledge. 6s. net.)—This is a careful effort to disentangle the work that actually is The Bard's from that of his lesser contemporaries from whom he borrowed (if not stole) and with whom he collaborated. The tests are those of verse and style.

Raffles in Real Life: The Confessions of George Smithson, alias "Gentleman George" (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d. net.)—A man lauded (or stigmatized) as "the cleverest and most daring burglar in England," both by Scotland Yard and the Bench, writes frankly and honestly (albeit entertainingly) of his exploits in his chosen (and now abandoned) field and of his experiences in four gaols.

Underworld of Paris, by *Alfred Morain* (*late head of the French C.I.D.*) (Jarrolds. 18s. net.)—A definite contribution to criminology. The facts M. Morain presents—and he has an unrivalled position from which to obtain them—and the typical, remarkable, and notorious crimes he describes are enough to ensure the book's value without fine writing, which is a good thing.

Frogs Don't Grow Feathers, by *B. L. Jacot*. (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. net.)—The sub-title on the jacket is "A Book of Humour," and it is the second of those "briefly commended" this week to merit its description. It is a novel of comic situation and witty dialogue and should go far further to popularize this clever author.

The first shadows of the climbing sun on London's outer edge

SPRING Breaks on London

Both these Drawings were made by Adrian Hill for "The Sphere" during the Fresent Season

These little buildings do not meet with the approval of the social reformer, but they are viewed by artists and those who dwell in them with a much kindlier eye. The bird-cages, the little bit of carpentry, and the splash of green paint all vanish with reform

The new facade on the Millbank shore of the Thames—lookin

Like the rest of London, both banks of the River Thames are feeling t
scheme, the railway terminus on the south bank, it is true, has been arreste
changes make themselves evident as the months go by. Two artists on th
the more striking metamorphoses which have taken place recently. The m
where, within sight of the Houses of Parliament, the great Imperial Chem
still more huge neighbour, Thames House, are rearing a forest of steel
scheme is to outdo anything in America or the Continent in size. The co
Bridge is also altering the whole air of quiet antiquity which until quite r
of Millbank and Lambeth. Property on both sides of the river adjace
naturally being affected. New tramway slopes are being constructed, an
huge caissons to facilitate the work on the foundations of the new bridge
a daily clangour which reverberates throughout the district. But, calmly
racket, rises the old red-brown Lollard's Tower of the Archbishop of Cant

At other points the facade of Thames-side is changing. A brilliantly
letters O X O rises picturesquely from the Surrey shore.

Drawn by Rowland Hilder

The new white tower which rises from the Surrey shore near Blackfriars Bridge

CHANGE ON THAMES-SIDE

Specially Illustrated by Cecil King, R.I., and Rowland Hilder

On the north side the great buildings at the base of Kingsway are beginning to show in towering masses above the classic riverside frontage of Somerset House. They provide a strange contrast to the glittering white spires of Wren's churches, which still gleam with wonderful beauty under a westering sun. Much of wharf-side London remains the same, but here and there new white stone buildings are pushing their way in among ancient baulks of timber and the little bow windows which have for centuries looked out over the washing tide.

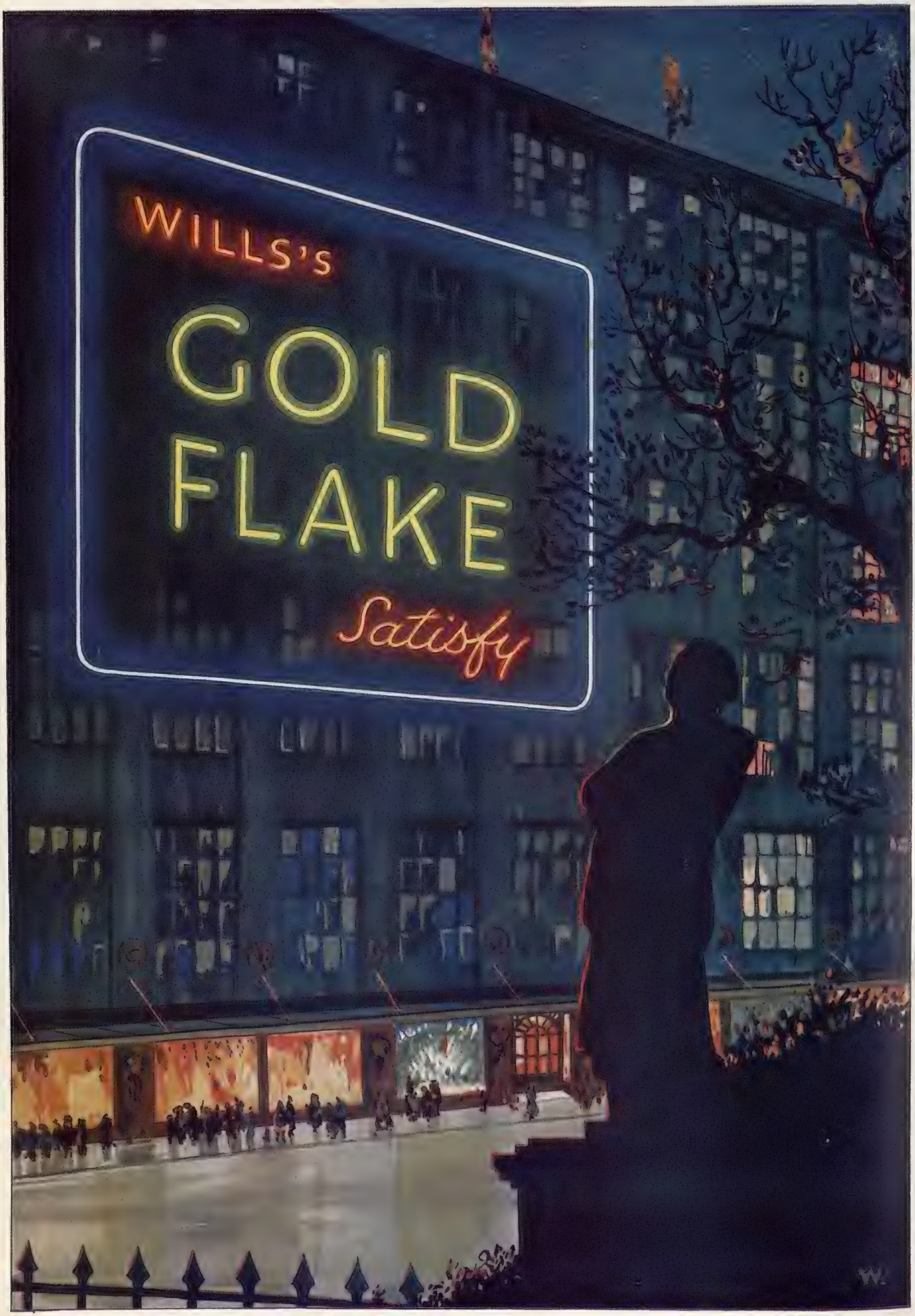
Drawn by Cecil King, R.I.
from Lambeth Palace

e hands of change. One great for the time being, but other se pages depict one or two of st striking is that at Lambeth, al Industries building, and its irdering. This office-building struction of the new Lambeth ently lingered over the banks to the bridge approaches is the bridge works itself, where have been sunk, are providing undisturbed by this noise and bury's town house.
hite shaft bearing the familiar

Drawn by Rowland Hilder
Tug-side London, below the Tower

Drawn by Cecil King, R.I.

The changing silhouette of the North Bank near Waterloo Bridge, as seen from the Surrey shore. Towering blocks with no visible roofs are here seen above the classic facade of Somerset House. The temporary steel bridge is seen behind the sagging structure of the old stone structure built by Rennie


WILLS'S
GOLD
FLAKE
Satisfy

The Royal Academy is, apart from being an exceedingly interesting Exhibition, an exceedingly efficient unofficial sale-room. 200 works have already been sold — 106 oil paintings, twenty-seven water colours, fifty-five drawings and prints, and twelve pieces of sculpture. Ten of the number have been acquired by the Chantrey Trustees. Swynnerton, Munnings, Russell, Lavery, Arnesby Brown, Jack, Knight are among the "sold"

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LANDSCAPE ART at the Royal Academy

(1) The Abbey Church by **Arnesby Brown, R.A.**

(2) The Greensted Road by **George H. Rose**

(3) The Everlasting Hills by **Sir D. Y. Cameron, R.A.**

(4) Penwithack: Old China Clay Pit by **S. J. Lamorna Birch, R.A.**

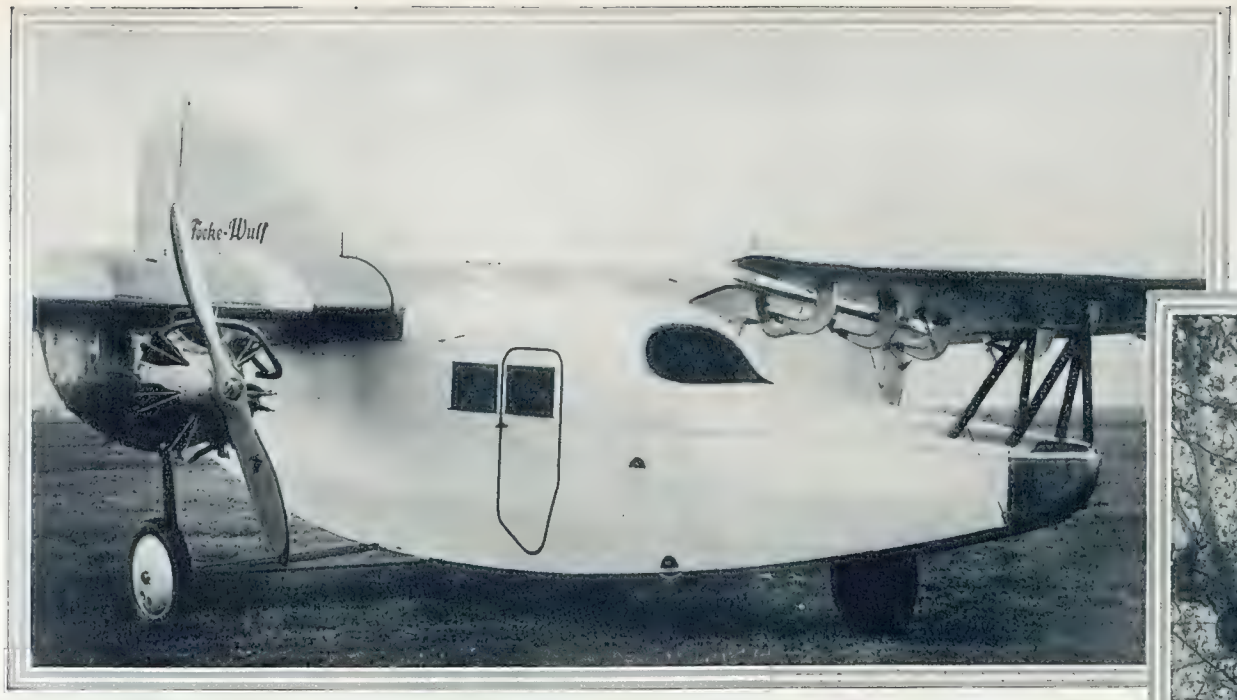
(5) Springtime on the South Downs by **George Henry, R.A.**

(6) The Serpentine, Kensington Gardens, by **R. Vicat Cole**

(7) The Roadside Halt by **Sydney Lee, R.A.**

AERIAL PROGRESS

The Latest Designs of Aeroplanes and Aerial Devices



WHERE FORWARD IS BACKWARD: The new design adopted in the Focke-Wulf Aeroplane Company of Bremen, Germany, flies with its tail forward. Owing to its curious form it is called "Duck." The first workshop experiments and short flights have proved an unqualified success

A WISE CHOICE: A private 'plane, without casualties, crashed at Chalon-sur-Saône and was caught in a tree

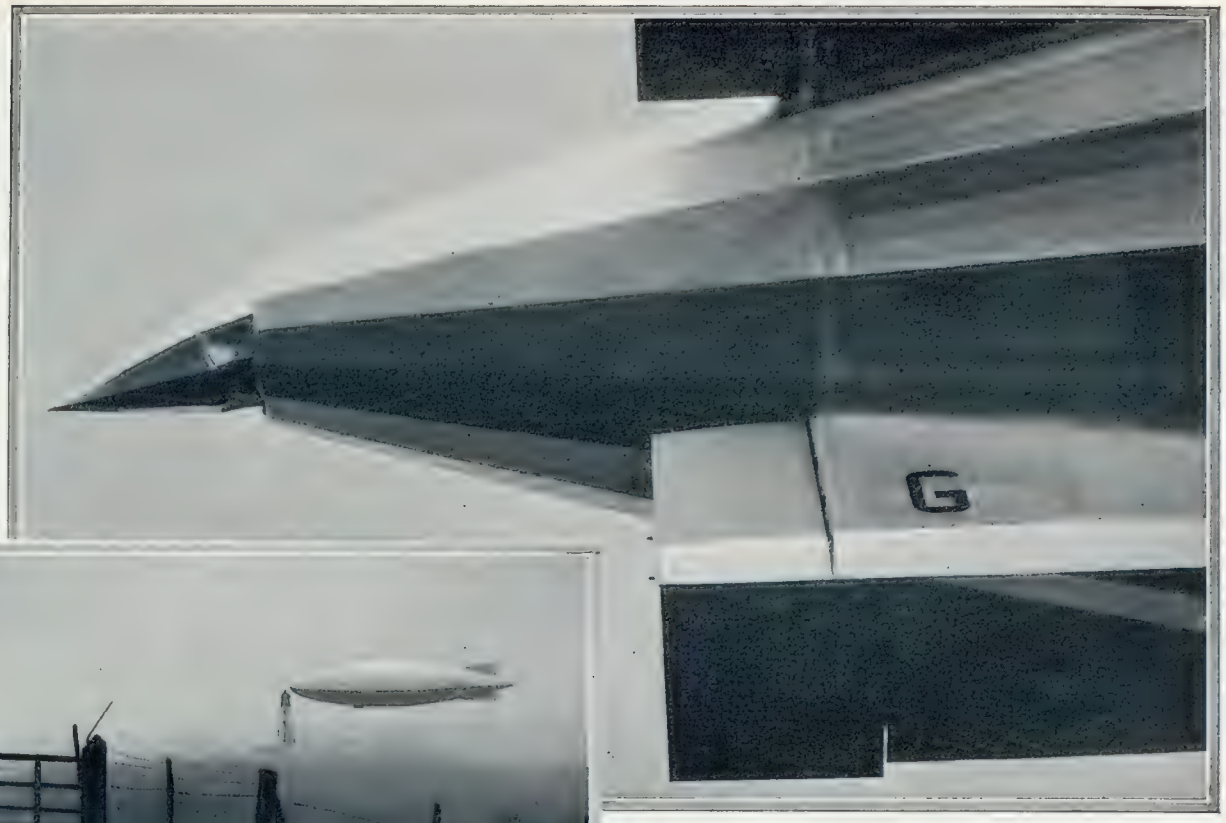
AN AEROPLANE AS AN UMBRELLA: Spectators at the light aeroplane display at Heston Park to members of the Junior Car Club, made use of one of the machines to shelter from the rain. About 1,000 motorists saw an excellent aerial display

A WARNING TO LOW-FLYING 'PLANES: The "obstruction marker" installed on a forty-storey structure at Pittsburg University. The six neon tubes can be seen 5 miles away on a clear day

PADDLE-WHEELS FOR AEROPLANES: A monoplane with feather-blade paddle-wheels for the propeller is to undergo tests at 'Frisco by its inventor, Ernest Schroder. The 20-h.p. motor develops 80 m.p.h. The blades are reversible to admit of slow landings

THE COMING FLIGHT of "R 100"

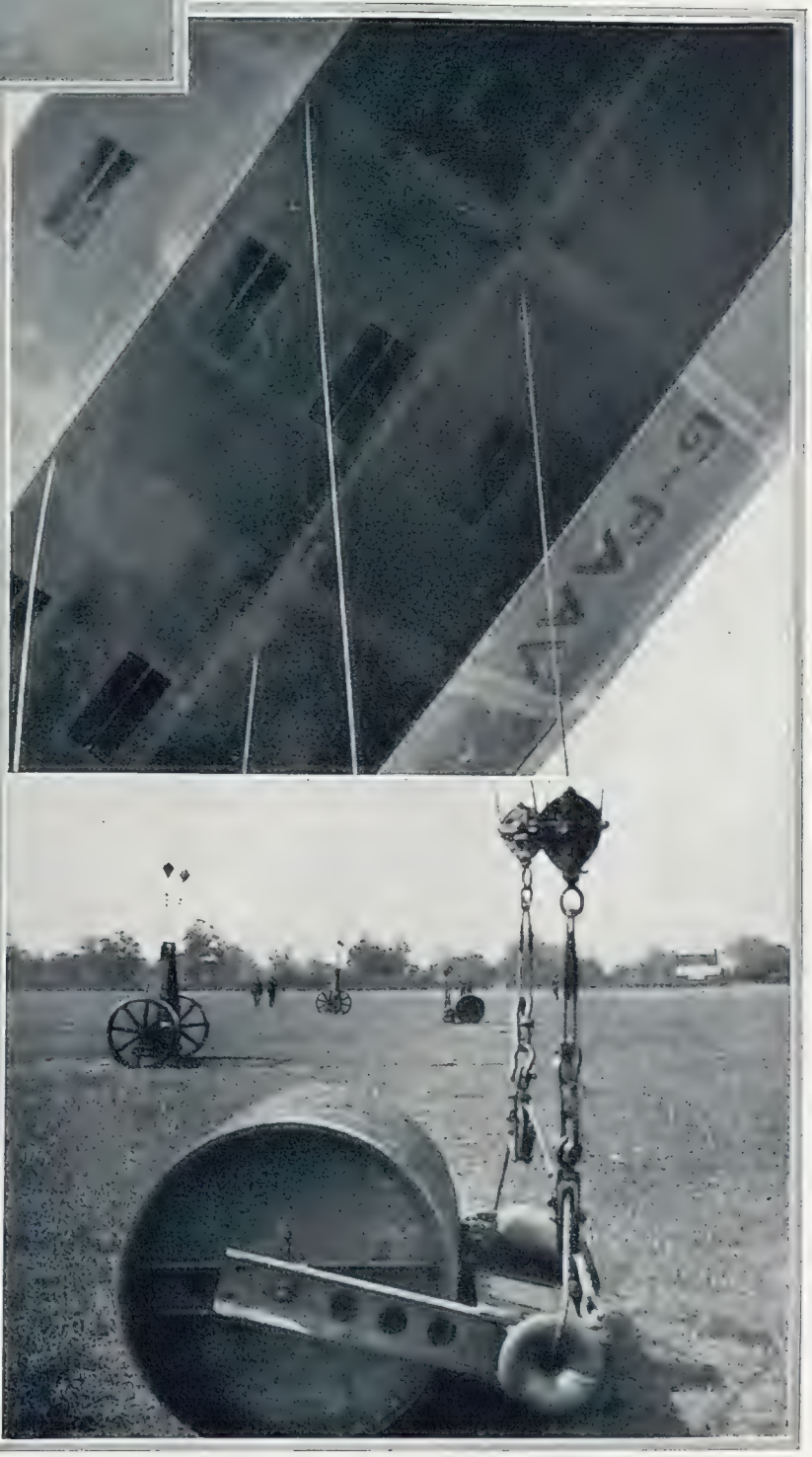
The World's Biggest Airship



THE DAMAGED TAIL: The bent and broken fairway tip to the streamlined tail of "R 100." The proposed and scheduled journey to Montreal has been postponed to admit of further tests

RIDING AT ANCHOR: "R 100" at her mooring mast at Cardington after her latest visit to London and other cities. She is now in her shed, one of those seen on the left, and when her tail fairway is repaired and a further test flight has been accomplished, a start for Canada will be made. A modification of the method of attaching the cover may prove necessary

THE METAL PROW: This snout of "R 100" engages with the apex of the mooring mast



THE MOORING ROLLERS: To these, cables depending from the underside of the hull of "R 100" are attached. They move, despite their weight, to right and left with the swing of the vessel, gently retarding any excessive movement. At moments they swing completely free of the ground

It is not fully realized, especially by those who were at Cardington, when the *Graf Zeppelin* paid her momorable visit, that *R 100* is the largest airship in the world. The long and slender lines of the German craft give her an appearance of being bigger than her British rival. *R 100* is built on an experimental model, being extremely piscine in shape—full and round in the centre, with a powerful taper at either end. The *Graf Zeppelin* and *R 100* compare in specification as follows:—*Capacity:* 3,708,000 c.f. against 5,000,000 + c.f. *Lift tons:* 129 against 156.5. *Length:* 776 ft. against 709 ft. *Diameter:* 100 ft. against 131⅔ ft. *Height:* 113 ft. against 133 ft. Five engines (Maybach, 530 h.p.) against six Rolls-Royce Condor 650 h.p. *Maximum h.p.:* 2,650 against 3,900

SHOWS AND AUTRES CHOSES

By HENRY SHEREK

THE LEADING LADY IN "THE LAST CHAPTER": Miss Joyce Kennedy who plays one of Mr. Owen Nares' many loves at the New

One of my preconceived ideas of the German race was utterly destroyed at the opening night of Charles B. Cochran and Maurice Browne's International Season at the Globe Theatre—that of their super-efficient deification of Time. All the highbrows, linguists, or both, and those who wished they were highbrows, linguists, or both, forgathered to see the London debut of the greatest actor in "Mittel-Europa," Alexander Moissi, in Tolstoi's *Der Lebende Leichnam* played in German.

Knowing the German habit of punctuality, we were careful to be in our seats promptly at 8 p.m. heavily armed with dictionaries, books of the words, and electric torches. Stealthily placing our weapons within easy reach we sat back prepared for anything. Nothing happened until 8.15, when a discordant and very loud crash on some cymbals followed by three quieter and prettier notes, gave the electrician the signal to steep the theatre in profound darkness.

We then felt, rather than saw, the curtain go up, still leaving the stage quite dark, until two strong lights suddenly came on to disclose the characters who opened the scene and who at once started the dialogue. This mode of presentation was tremendously effective as it seemed to quicken the action considerably for, during the rest of the play, only certain vital parts of the proscenium were brilliantly illuminated, the rest of the stage being left in complete blackness. This treatment made it possible to change the scenes very quickly without lowering the curtain.

At the conclusion of a scene the lights simply went out, the few articles of furniture were changed, some small alterations were made in the one set of scenery which was used throughout the performance, and the appropriate lights suddenly flashed on, to be immediately followed by the continuance of the action.

Much advance publicity had been given to the quality of Alexander Moissi's voice, but no superlatives are an exaggeration. He put up a perfect performance, although he gave the character of Fedya a sympathy it did not deserve. He has rightly been an idol of the German public for almost a generation. I remember the excitement in Berlin on the day Germany started her unlucky adventure in 1914, when Moissi, by special arrangement, became a German subject at a moment's notice and at once joined the army as a private in the artillery. His photographs in uniform sold like hot cakes, and he became a national hero.

The story of the play is Russian, and *ipso facto*, unhappy. Fedya prefers good wine and bad gipsies to living a life of respectability and comparative abstinence with his charming wife. His dilettante habits bore her and she goes home to mamma. She wishes to marry a nice, top-hatted and be-spatted young man, so Fedya feels he ought to do some pistol practice with his head as the target.

But with rare delicacy Fedya thinks he ought not to make a mess at home, so he charters a private room at an hotel, a bottle of champagne, and a revolver. Everything seems set for one of the prettiest suicides it has been my happy lot to witness, but foolishly he allows a boon (and booze) companion to drink nearly all the wine, and coming to the profound conclusion that there is not much fun in a wineless suicide, gives up the idea and pretends to be drowned instead.

We are just beginning to be pleased that he has shown a glimmer of sound common sense, as his previous behaviour has been pretty silly, when he strikes his old form again a few years later in a low drinking-house. He has degenerated in appearance, looking as if he had come straight from Oberammergau, and proceeds at the top of his voice to tell a friend all about his faked suicide. Denouncement by an evil-looking eavesdropper follows, and his wife and her nice, clean, new husband are charged with bigamy.

At the trial, Fedya realizes that it is foolish to try to be clever, so, without the aid of champagne, starts his postponed pistol practice with happy results, as he scores a bull's-eye with his very first shot.

He dies most artistically, and we presume that everybody else lives merrily ever after.

One or two cuts were made from the original manuscript without, however, interfering with the plot, and one part was deleted entirely—that of a baby. I quite realize that it costs a lot of money to bring the large company from abroad, and the saving of the baby's fare probably influenced the erasure of this part.

The names of the rest of the members of the cast were as meaningless to me as the names on the register of a certain famous south-coast hotel during the week-end, but every part was splendidly played. It would be unfair to mention individuals as they all reached such a high standard of excellence. The producer who made the presentation so interesting was not even mentioned on the programme, unless of course Mr. Moissi's stage manager was responsible.

I do not think that any country in the world can put on a drawing-room play as well as we can, but the Germans are masters in producing plays of the type of *The Living Corpse*.

Very different was *The Last Chapter* at the New Theatre.

No dismal Russians here, but the bright pulsating life of the Chelsea of ultra-modern Gerhardi-cum-Evelyn Waugh. Not that the opening was very fun-making, as the first thing we saw was poor Owen Nares sitting lifeless in a chair, and a nervous man-servant informing the police by telephone of some more successful revolver practice. Frightened glances at our programmes were followed by sighs of relief when we read that the following scenes would show us what actually happened before this "'orrible crime" took place.

A note of farewell on the desk left no doubt (to the authorities but not to the audience) that Victor Gresham, the successful author (Owen Nares), had committed the fell and fatal deed by his own hand. The inspector and police surgeon, who made the most perfunctory of examinations, allowed all sorts of people into the room where lay the uncovered corpse, then turned them out so as to be left in peace to smoke the poor, lifeless victim's cigars, with the obvious air of having done their job of work extremely well.

This certainly whetted our sensation-loving appetites, and on the next scene disclosing a party of many young women who soon let us know that they had nearly all been the gratified victims of Victor Gresham's charms, our curiosity was still more aroused. It appears that this was a surprise-party, staged by the young author's publisher, of all Gresham's girl-friends, past, present, and yet to come, and very embarrassing it must have been for him, too. He showed it in such a marked manner that the publisher confessed that he had "staged a flop"—a most unpublisher-like phrase.

The scene is Victor's sitting-room, looking out on the Chelsea Reaches of the Thames which are visible from the window. The weird decoration of the room makes it look like a Scottish baronial hall with a dash of Whistler.

The party is almost as trying for the audience as for Victor, what with the slangy publisher, an almost worse than slangy chorus-girl, a small man with a monocle who seemed to have read *Vile Bodies*, two giggling flappers, and various other young women, some stately (we whisper) "ladies," and some neurotic females.

After a lot of hard work Mr. Nares finally manages to get rid of them, and we share his relief.

As our suspicious minds, trained in the Wallace school, have let us to believe that he is eventually murdered (I am reliably informed that it is mainly Russians who commit suicide), we have been whiling away the tedious party by a little private game of "Who Killed Cock Robin." I soon came to the conclusion that nearly any of the types depicted could have done so with the utmost sangfroid, so I gave it up.

One lady guest, *en passant*, does remain behind and is safely bedded on the sofa, but Victor gets to his bedroom unscathed to the relief of all ladies in the audience.

Next morning is certainly hectic. Mr. Nares gets blackmailed by one young lady, asked to fly with another, falls in love with a third (who decamps in tears when she sees the recipient of his most innocent night's hospitality emerge in obviously male pyjamas), and has a row with his publishers.

Just when he feels that nothing much else *could* happen in one day, a jealous husband appears, after hinting that he is a true British sportsman, threatens to shoot him down like a sitting rabbit.

Still I have not betrayed (and will not betray) the trust of a kind management who put us on our honour to be good boys and not tell you *What Really Happened*. If you are still curious, the New Theatre is nice and accessible, the box office is open from 10 till 10, and the seats are comfortable.

I am afraid that if ever Owen Nares wants us to believe that he is a bad man he will have to wear a big, black moustache. How could we imagine that delightful fellow, with his nice little boy sitting in a box, gazing proudly at him, to be the wicked Don Juan of Chelsea, or to even think him capable of writing sexy novels for the vicarious satisfaction of dowagers long past the possibility of more personal experience? In spite of himself he could not but infuse his natural charm into the part, and we were all very sorry to see him leave this world at the end.

A word of praise is due to Edgar Norfolk for a restrained and clever performance; Lydia Sherwood was such a nice, good girl, and the other ladies were such nice bad girls.

In order to justify the words "Autres Choses" at the head of my articles, I went to see John McCormack's first full-length talking picture *Song of my Heart*, at the Prince Edward Theatre.

Although my visit took place on only the second night of the run, the theatre was only half full, and I am sorry to say that I do not think that West-end cinema audiences will flock to see this artistic work.

Our good friends the American Film Moguls have given us so many pictures which, whether good, bad, or indifferent, usually have the quality of speed; that the marvellous singing of Mr. McCormack will, I am afraid, fall on stony ground as far as Central London is concerned!

Personally, I found it all very restful and a charming relief from gun-men, red-hot Mommas, blonde gold-diggers, wicked theatrical managers, and all those other characters (or caricatures!) mass-produced at the Hollywood factory.

The recording and photography of the outdoor scenes, beautiful in their simplicity, was perfect, and I felt it was worth the price of admission alone to see the really good acting of a little Irish boy called Tommy Clifford.

It is a terrible thing to have to say, but it is true that if John McCormack would blow up a few trains, or indulge in a lot of sex horseplay instead of singing beautiful arias, more people would come to see him.

Hollywood, you have a lot to answer for!

SUPPORTING MR. PAUL ROBESON: Miss Naomi Ludolf as Bianca, and Mr. Max Montesole as Cassio, in Othello *at the Savoy*

THE MOVIE SCREEN

Before it and Behind the no longer silent screen

"SHOOTING ROYALTY": An impressive banquet scene in process of filming. To get good angles a bridge was erected across the table on which director and cameramen "did their stuff"

THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM: One would think the actors in this scene are children, but they are fully-grown adults. Mr. Hal Roach, in making his latest comedy, so enlarged the furniture as to produce the illusion of the smallness of the actors

MAKING A SILHOUETTE FILM: On the principle of the animated cartoons, Lotte Reiniger has created the jointed silhouette film—a vehicle first brought actively before the public in "Warning Shadows." Inset above is a scene from a silhouette play

THE GLAMOUR OF MEXICO: A scene from "Under a Texas Moon," a Warner-Vitaphone Technicolour production with an all-star cast at the Alhambra

THE LATEST GERMAN WAR FILM: A surprisingly light moment in the new Nero film which is a triumph of casting

The old art-form, the silhouette, has had a genial development in the hands of the film artist. He used these forms for cartoon films, pinning the sections together so that, by moving them the smallest fraction each time, he can convey the suggestion of life. The silhouettes are laid flat on a glass plate lighted from below, on which an overhead cinematograph camera is focussed. At each slight movement one picture on the film is exposed. There are sixteen pictures to a foot of film, and 1,000 ft. to the average reel which, when projected in the cinema, takes only fifteen minutes

THE BABY OF A BABY:

The pygmy hippo is a firm favourite at the Zoo, and now a baby pygmy has been born in Regent's Park. "Jean" has the proud distinction of being the first mother of her kind in the Zoo successfully to bear a baby. The plump offspring is named "May"

AN EXPATRIATE INFANT IN THE ZOO:

"To Mr. and Mrs. Bison, of Regent's Park, London, a baby. Mother and child (as may be seen above) are both doing well!"

BABY JUMBO OF THE SEA:

Children (animal and human) are notoriously voracious, but the young sea elephant beats them all! Measuring 8 ft. in length, it consumes 30 lb. of fish per diem. This is the first juvenile of its race to be placed in the Zoo since the war

BABES and NEWCOMERS AT THE LONDON ZOO

The latest arrivals in Regent's Park—A sea-elephant; a pygmy hippo; and a bison

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

A COMPLETE WEEKLY SECTION OF "THE SPHERE" INCORPORATING A WIDE VARIETY OF FEMININE INTERESTS

VIENNA *has a* HOUSING PROBLEM TOO

The City Council takes a Hand in Making the Austrian Capital Adequate to the Demands made Upon it

by HARRIET DICKSON

With the building of thousands of new flats—most of them already in occupation, the rest to be completed by 1932—the first serious attempt has been made to solve a problem of overcrowding as urgent and difficult as any to be found in Europe. Vienna it seems has always had her housing troubles. There have never been dwellings enough for her two-million-odd inhabitants. Yet to suggest tenements in this new age as the ultimate solution is not to conjure up a vision of dull red brick and grime. The word, it is true, has a lugubrious sound, but there is none of the gloom of an old London block about the new community dwellings. There is indeed none of the gloom of Vienna's own old narrow courts, for certain rules of building must be obeyed. Free garden space, and plenty of it, surrounds them all. No room or kitchen, however small, but must enjoy direct light and air, with windows either on street or court. No kitchen may butt, as formerly, right on to the passage without some sort of entrance lobby, no matter how tiny that may be. No water must needs be carried from the sole tap on the landing stairs, for each flat has its own supply, and perhaps most hygienic of all, the common lavatory, still found in hundreds of the oldest dwellings, is here a thing unknown.

The blocks themselves are as varied in size as they are in design. There is the enormous complex which houses some 8,000 people in its 1,200 flats. There are smaller buildings with a quarter that number and others with even less, townships complete on their own, with shops and stores of every description. Yet, large or small, the balcony touch is common to all, and here the owner's love of flowers may find the outlet which enjoyment of only communal gardens can never give.

One of the most striking of the Vienna municipal tenements on the Vogelweidplatz. The walls are a deep sunshine colour, the arches have their frescoes in colour, and the whole block has a touch of the Renaissance

The inner court of the Erdberg tenement, with its gardens, once one of the city's oldest slums

The smallest of these municipal flats comprises room and kitchen with miniature entrance hall. Two rooms, or three at the most, may be added, with a balcony for the more privileged inmates. But whatever the size of the various houses their fittings are quite up-to-date. The kitchen grate is replaced by a modern gas stove and electric light is installed throughout. A sink as a novelty sounds unreal, yet sinks here too must be classed with the stove as a saver of toil. Floors are of oak, and if the rooms are inclined to be small they are painted as light and as gay as may be. The white-tiled lavatory, an essential part of each flat, is fitted in English style, and must have been a surprise to the less fortunate occupants, accustomed only to sharing the privilege with two other families on the common stair. A cellar below and garret above complete each scheme.

Equally luxurious for many of the new population, unaware of labour-saving devices, are the facilities installed for baths and laundry. The basement bathroom would scarcely fulfil the English ideal in any new housing plans, but bathrooms in even quite fair-sized homes have always been, in Vienna, hard to find. These new flats have none of their own, for space, it was thought, could be saved by building them together. It is much, however, to have them at all, and better by far than having to wander abroad in search of cleanliness.

Laundry facilities, too, must have proved a boon to many a harassed housewife. The smaller tenements possess their central wash-kitchen with drying-room, each family being able to take possession at least once every fortnight. The larger blocks have considerably more to offer, for there are washing machines and mechanical wringers, drying space and electric mangles, and the family wash can be ready for ironing at the end of half a day.

Additional blessings, moreover, are found in the nurseries and kindergartens attached, and where so many families are housed the children may find a place of refuge. Parents at work may leave their younger flock in the playrooms of the ground floor, where a nurse is in charge. Meals, too, are sometimes served, and the reading-room offers a quiet retreat for the older boys and girls with to-morrow's tasks to prepare. Even better for health are the sunny terraces set apart, some for play and others for sun-baths, while one block at least has its own swimming-pool out-of-doors. Fountains add much to the charm of the gardens, and the sculpture and frescoes are often the work of Vienna's leading artists.

The idea of the flats being for the particular relief of the overcrowded and insanitary working-class districts—working-class families form the bulk of the new population. The council, however, stipulates that the would-be occupant must earn a moderate or even a quite small income. On the other hand many of these flats are taken by State or the council's own officials, whose salaries are often pitifully inadequate, while others again, and these of the larger type, may be occupied by doctors, musicians, or artists, when studios are included as part of the more inclusive scheme.

Sixty thousand flats! The Social Democratic Municipality has succeeded in keeping the rents of its own new flats within normal bounds; it has increased the number of dwellings by almost 10 per cent., yet there is still a serious shortage, all the more remarkable in view of a 200,000 decrease in population since the war. May not the cause of stagnation in the building trade lie with the Rent Restrictions Act, which has made private house property an unproductive white elephant? Rent restriction imposed for a limited time elsewhere has, in Vienna, in face of Social Democratic opposition, not been abolished, and tenants fortunate enough to be in possession have been living for years rent free. Government help may be forthcoming, and a normal rent a matter of time, but private enterprise, faced by the illegality of demanding a normal price for its flats, has ceased to build, and the difficulties attendant on Vienna's housing are still very largely left unsolved.

Two of the frescoes under the arches of the Vogelweidplatz tenement representing "sport" and "child-welfare." The work of Professor Jettmar of the Academy of Arts

The RETURN of LINEN

A Centuries-Old Fashion Returns to Popular Favour

By DEREK PATMORE

THE BEAUTY OF APPLIQUÉ: An attractive white cloth with coloured daffodils and tulips appliquéd over the damask design comes from Robinson and Cleaver of Regent Street. The picture inset on right shows a close-up of a portion of the design

The world's love for fine linen is centuries old, and strange as it may seem, as long as 4,000 years ago many of the world's inhabitants were engaged in the cultivation and spinning of flax. Egypt is the original home of linen, for the ancient Egyptians, like all other civilized nations, delighted to use this cool, fragrant material. Linen has always been considered a symbol of comfort and civilization, and modern linen is helping to maintain this tradition.

Indeed, modern linen is bewildering in its variety, colour, and excellent designs. Linen manufacturers have always had a high standard to live up to, and during the last few years they have made a great and successful effort to make linens worthy of, and suitable for, modern homes. One of the most striking examples of this is the way in which the damask linen table-cloth has returned to favour. A few years ago nobody ever thought of using a table-cloth for their dining-table. Table-cloths were dull and ugly and very old-fashioned, and polished tables were decorated with lace or coloured linen mats. To-day an increasing number of people with taste are returning to an age-old fashion and using damask table-cloths. and with good reason.

Soft damask linen when used as a table-cloth creates a far more effective background for glass and table silver than any polished dining-table can. A charming example of this fact was afforded me the other day when lunching with a friend of mine who is well known for her discriminating good taste. The luncheon-table was covered with a delightful new damask linen in a soft creamy-white, and decorated with a coloured appliqué design of tulips. The table-napkins were made to match this cloth. The centre of the table was decorated with a wide green glass vase of a modern design and filled with a mass of different coloured tulips. This table setting had dignity and simplicity as well as novelty and charm.

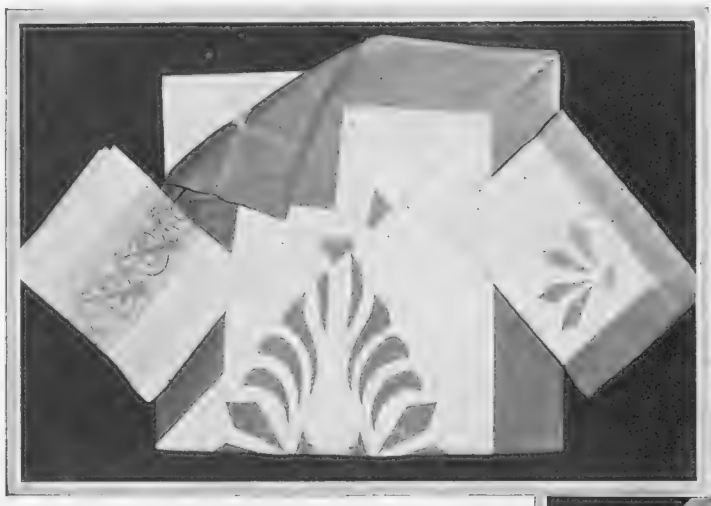
Linens are now made in many soft pastel shades, and I notice that modern decorators are using these linens more and more for curtains and covers in rooms decorated in the modern style. For instance I recently saw a very simple yet unusual modern bedroom that had curtains of a soft pastel-pink linen, and the bed had a coverlet of a soft dove-grey linen, forming a pleasing colour combination ideal for a lady's bedroom. To complete the colour scheme, the owner of this room had pastel pink linen sheets on the bed. Coloured linen sheets are gaining in popularity, and there is no denying that they do add a touch of colour to the bedroom, and at the same time they are as cool and refreshing as white linen sheets and very little more in price. An example is illustrated on this page.

Linen in its latest forms also plays an important part in the modern bathroom. For nothing could be more pleasant and more reasonable as to price than the new soft linen face towels. These face towels are made in all colours, and many of them have borders decorated with a simple modern design, sometimes in two tones of the same colour.

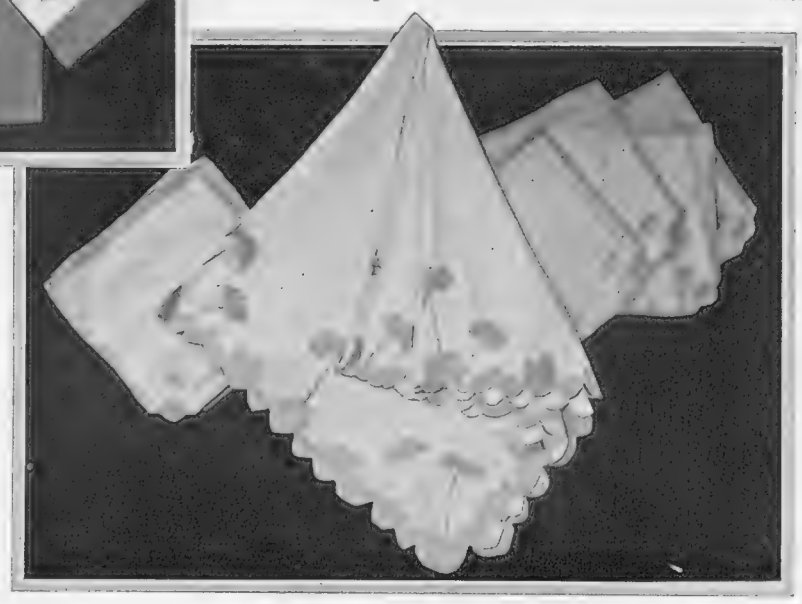
Finally, there are many new attractive small table-cloths with linen napkins to match that are made especially for the tea-table. Some of these cloths have coloured appliqué designs of flowers, and would look particularly charming when used for tea on the veranda or in the garden during the warmer summer afternoons.

An example of this is seen in the lower illustration on this page. By the way, at this same well-known linen house I was shown an amazing range of household linen, some articles quite modest in price. Then there were charming silk sheets, lavishly embroidered, as well as a variety of linen ones; and coloured towels too; simple organdi cloths with napkins to match; and a wide selection of lingerie that would delight any female heart.

But to return. To-day linen in all its varieties is indeed a force in the decorating and furnishing of the modern home, and continues to uphold its reputation as a symbol of comfort and civilized good taste, a reputation that linen has maintained for so many centuries.



BED-LINEN AND TOWELS of fine white linen with a coloured pattern will stress and link up well with the colour-scheme of a bedroom. From Walpole Bros., Ltd., New Bond Street



FOR TEA-TIME: A dainty tablecloth and napkins are carried out in pale pink linen, and has a border of appliqued flowers in contrasting pastel shades. From the Grande Maison de Blanc, New Bond Street, where a wide selection of beautiful linen can be seen

For the TRAIN and the CAR

Fashionable Models for Travelling Kit and Motoring Coats for Summertime

Peter North

Burberrys of Haymarket suggest an attractive speckled light woollen frock and coat to match for travelling or for the cooler summer days. The hat, of a beige coarse straw, also comes from Burberrys

Peter North

A reversible check tweed and leather coat is a practical idea for motoring. The coat shown here, which is made by Burberrys of Haymarket, is carried out in a rich brown colour

When holiday time comes the question of a suitable travelling kit must be solved. Here a long coat of pepper-and-salt woollen material is worn, with a hand-bag to match, a silk scarf, and a simple beige felt hat

THE WORLD OF WOMEN SECTION—(continued)

THE WORLD OF WOMEN SECTION—(continued)

FURNISH your GARDEN

It is not only the House that Needs Care in its Decoration: the Surroundings mean a lot too

By LADY OPPENHEIMER

The garden has now come into its own. Paint-pots are ready, eager hands are grasping the brushes preparing to paint away last year's blemishes and to make ready for the new season—the season of the garden. Choose the colour of the paint very carefully; white, the universal favourite, is too glaring for my choice. Green comes next best, for it blends with all the shades of the trees and flowers. But best of all is that "pinky" russet colour which makes one think of the fairy-like medieval castles which stand high up above the Rhine, for although they are built of grey stone, yet the woodwork, doors, etc., are all painted this peculiar colour which fits into any background; even in the brightest or the darkest corner it does not appear to be out of place.

Millar and Harris

BEAUTY IN WICKER: A varnished orange wicker-garden or conservatory set of very intricate design. The garden cushions are waterproof. The rabbit is executed in cement. All furniture by Gamage of Holborn

Humphrey Joel

IN A FORMAL GARDEN: A swimming pool in the garden of Sir Philip Sassoon at Port Lympne

Garden seats, chairs, and tables, will come out fresh after their long winter rest. Some of them will need a new coat of paint; but if you are lucky enough, or were wise enough when you first bought your garden furniture to buy teak wood furniture you will have nothing to do but give them a thorough clean. Teak wood is most durable; the actual buying of it is the first and last expense, as it does not require painting or any preservation. The chairs and seats are made in a variety of styles; even rocking-chairs are made. Round seats, square seats, corner seats, anything you could possibly require, with tables to match. One can also obtain tea-wagons, which are invaluable when serving a meal out of doors.

There are so many sorts of garden furniture to choose from. There is the painted variety, the iron type, the natural wood and canvas combination, not counting the cane and wicker, besides many others. The old English country-made elm furniture is the most picturesque of all garden furniture.

Having decided on the more important pieces of furniture, the next thing to see to are the deck chairs. These chairs come in so very handy, for when folded they take up very little space. It is quite easy to renovate old garden chairs, be they made in wood, canvas, or wicker. A couple of coats of paint will work wonders. Wicker chairs absorb paint in an amazing fashion; they often require three or four coats of paint before they look perfect. When doing up old deck chairs thoroughly clean the woodwork and scrub the canvas, then shut the chair and leave it to dry; this prevents the canvas from shrinking. Remove the canvas and cover with a new material—canvas or fadeless cretonne, paint the framework in colour, then nail the canvas back into position. A cretonne rug is simplicity itself to make; all you need is an old army ground-sheet and cover it with the cretonne. One needs plenty of cushions in the garden; they look best when made in all shades and shapes and sizes. You will need a table if you are an out-of-door person, and if you propose decorating it yourself I would advise buying a second-hand kitchen table, something good and solid. Give the table at least two coats of paint, and then cover the top with a piece of glass; this prevents the paint from being spoiled. Make a table-cloth out of cretonne that fits the table exactly, and place beneath the glass.

I recently saw a most original idea for a summer-house; it was a gipsy caravan. It was placed under some trees and looked most picturesque. One of its great advantages, apart from its charm, was the fact that it could be moved at will with very little effort. A garden tent is also useful for housing the garden furniture, and can be bought in different sizes. Garden ornaments greatly enhance the beauty of a garden if they must be tastefully chosen. Nothing looks worse than a garden cluttered up with numerous objects.

Bird baths, figures, stone flower vases, all help to improve odd corners; and to me no garden is complete without a dove-cote. Somehow a dove-cote brings with it the very essence of peace, for although pigeons are renowned for being bad gardeners, yet their grace, and the soft sound of their billing and cooing, makes them decidedly worth having. Some dove-cotes are made with thatched roofs others are covered with tiles, but there is no comparison as to which looks the most beautiful.

Millar and Harris

GARDEN COMFORT: A swinging couch-hammock in orange drill with black fringe. The cushions are in orange and black. The hammock is provided with a water-proof cover which also acts as a shelter from draughts. The bleached cane table has a glass top. The trolley is in a darker shade. All furniture by Gamage of Holborn

Humphrey Joel

ON THE BORDERS OF ROMNEY MARSH: A corner of Sir Philip Sassoon's lovely estate at Lympne

A garden must be perfect, it must be well cared for, and all the etceteras, such as the furniture, summer-house, and ornaments must harmonize, otherwise the effect you are striving for will be absolutely spoiled.

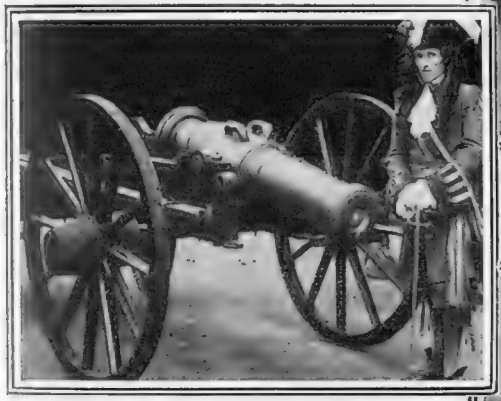
The Royal Fusiliers at the Royal Tournament

The Great Historical Display at Olympia by the First Artillery Regiment

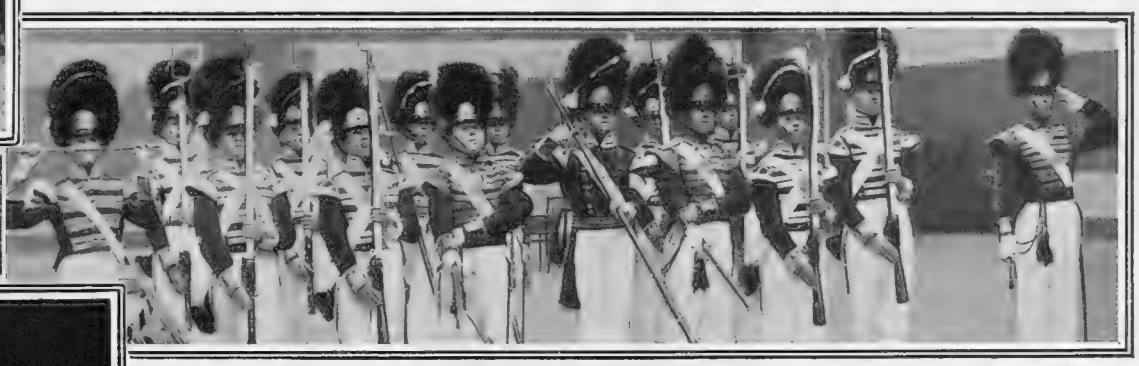
A PIONEER: A member of the regiment when commanded at Gibraltar in 1790 by Prince Edward, later Duke of Kent. Pioneers were distinct from Grenadiers

PRIMITIVE ORDNANCE: Before the foundation of the Royal Fusiliers (1685) there was no regiment of artillery. Cannon kept in the Tower of London were conveyed into action by carters hired for the occasion—an unreliable and an untrained force. Monmouth's rebellion occasioned the Fusiliers

IN THE DAYS OF GEORGE II: The impressive detachment of 1742, with their mitred head-dresses blazoned with a galloping horse. At this period, as on previous occasions, the Fusiliers served as Marines. Their first colonel, George, Lord Dartmouth, was not only Master-General of Ordnance but also Admiral of the Fleet under James II



THE OFFICER IN CHARGE OF THE GUNS, 1685: At this period the men were armed with a slung musket (or fusil) and a sword. They were the first force to be so armed in England



POST-WELLINGTON: The detachment in the uniform of 1826, during which pacific interlude the regiment served in the Ionian Islands and the Mediterranean. After triumphs in the Peninsular War the next great episode in the regiment's history was the Crimea, where at Alma, Inkerman, and Sebastopol, five of the first V.C.'s were won—a number equalled only by the Scots Guards

COMMANDED BY QUEEN VICTORIA'S FATHER: The band of the regiment which in 1785-90 had as its C.-in-C. Prince Edward, afterwards Duke of Kent. The band was distinguished by three negro players

Special "Sphere" pictures

IN THE PENINSULAR WAR: It was at this period that the Royal Fusiliers appeared in one of the most famous episodes of their history—the Battle of Albuera—where their efforts brought victory where only defeat seemed possible. It was of these men and their comrades that Napier wrote the epithet: "Unconquerable British soldiers"

During the rebellion of James, Duke of Monmouth, in the summer of 1685, King James II resolved that the first infantry corps raised on that occasion should be an Ordnance Regiment. He appointed George, Lord Dartmouth to be the Colonel. Before this time there was no regiment of Artillery, and the cannon, which were kept in the Tower of London, were manned by specially-trained gunners. When required for use, carters with their horses were hired to move them about.

The SPHERE of TRAVEL

The LAND of the SEA-KINGS

Denmark — a Country of Sun-drenched and Windswept Beaches, Quaint Towns, and Lovely Countryside

By CLIVE HOLLAND

After visiting Denmark one wonders why it is so much neglected by English holiday-makers, and why so comparatively few of our race go there.

It is a land of beautiful architecture, a fine sea coast, wide and alluring fiords, many islands, and of a people who are not only possessed of several characteristics in common with ourselves, but are only too anxious to give English travellers a cordial welcome and do all in their power to make their stay a pleasant one. The "language difficulty" does not exist in the larger towns to anything like the extent that might be supposed. And, indeed, it would be difficult nowadays to discover a village of any size in which English is not spoken by some at least of the younger inhabitants as English is very generally taught.

Denmark is the land, of course, of Hans Christian Andersen, whose fairy tales have been the delight of millions of children of almost every civilized nation, and this year there have been great celebrations of the hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of his birth, and special ones in connection with the dedication of an Hans Andersen Museum at Odense, the charming and interesting town in which he was born.

Denmark is, too, nowadays easily reached by several routes, the favourite one being by the fine and even luxurious steamers of the United Shipping Co., Ltd., which sail from Harwich daily and do the passage to Esbjerg, the nearest port of Denmark, in twenty-four to twenty-six hours. Indeed many very popular holiday-grounds on the Continent are much farther off.

Denmark is in many respects a surprise. It is a far more interesting land than most people assume; it is more picturesque and, in places, much more beautiful. The atmosphere is wonderfully clear, the cloud effects, and those of light and shade, magnificent, and a Danish beechwood —and there are many going down to the very water's edge of the fiords —when the sun shines, and the brown-red earth, with patches of lumber-tinted beech mast, lies dappled with sunlight and shadow beneath the trees, is hard to excel in sheer beauty and pictorial charm.

Then one has the widespreading fields in which the tints of green are very varied, with gorgeous patches here and there of ultramarine cornflowers, the cardinal of poppies, and the richer lakes of clover, with the horizon broken here and there by clumps of pines, or rounded, melting vistas of beeches, oaks, and birches.

THE HOME OF TRADITION: Some of the old houses on Amager, Copenhagen

Then, as one goes along the roads motoring, cycling, or afoot, or passes through the countryside by train, one sees delightful Millet-like groups of Danish peasants—and others often of Polish origin—working in the fields. The men, blue-bloused and bareheaded, often with a dash of colour provided by an orange, green, or scarlet neckerchief knotted loosely round their throats; and the women, open-eyed daughters of the soil, short-skirted in butcher-blue or pastel-grey linen and white, close-fitting caps on their heads; while in the ditch on a bed of grass, or by the roadside, sprawl the babies in charge of children scarcely older than themselves.

Very picturesque are some of the older farms, half-timbered, weather-worn buildings, with high thatched roofs, and kept in a state of good repair. The ridge of the roof is different from that of English thatched buildings, for it has shaped supports of wood which break its line ornamentally and also, so it is said, tend to preserve it from damage by wind and weather. Most of these farmhouses, which one stumbles across isolated from villages and towns, are in the more flat and exposed districts of Denmark, especially in South Jutland and Schlesvig—now once more happily a portion of Denmark—surrounded by clumps of trees which serve to break the somewhat monotonous horizon line pictorially, and also the force of the winds of March and winter, which so often sweep across the North Sea and the low-lying land with terrific violence.

At Silkeborg one has a district of charming lake and woodland scenery reminding one, near the town itself, of portions of the Thames, by reason of its house-boats, sailing and rowing-boats, and water-side villas; and farther afield, down the chain of lakes towards Ry, of our own Lake District minus the towering hills which shut in those delightful sheets of water.

Denmark has no mountains to compare with those of Cumberland and Westmorland, and few really high hills; but some of the most picturesque of the latter are to be found round Silkeborg.

And then one is lured onward towards the capital, Copenhagen, across the Little Belt to the Island of Funen, where one finds in its ferry head, Faaborg, a little seaport of interest, much picturesque architecture, and a district round about rich in charming scenery.

Delightful indeed are the half-timbered sixteenth- and seventeenth-century houses and inn courtyards tucked away behind the one main street of the little town, and come upon quite suddenly and quite unexpectedly by those in search of the beautiful and picturesque. One does not easily forget, for example, the old Windmill with its delightful reflections in the reed-environed stream which flows beside it.

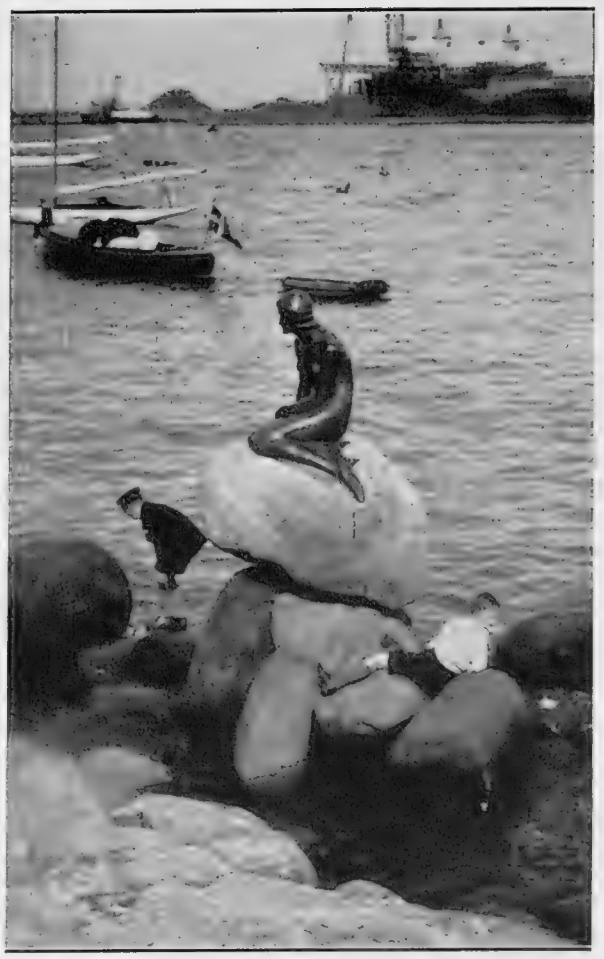
Odense is a charming town. If one comes to it by rail one is at once impressed by its beauty, for just across the road from the station is a most delightful tree-shaded park along one side of which lies the old palace, red-roofed and creeper-trellised, and with water-lily ponds, weeping willows, and flower-decked gardens in front of it.

Hans Andersen's birthplace is a quaint one-storied cottage in a picturesque though humble street. In it are some of the childish drawings by the making of which he amused himself. And then one does not forget that Hans Andersen was the friend of children, and conjured up for them a new world of interest and amazement in the fairy tales which won him world-wide fame.

Here, too, in Odense, as in Faaborg, there is much old architecture worthy of notice. And also a little port to which much shipping comes and where there is life and bustle.

And so through delightful country one travels to Nyborg and takes the ferry across the Great Belt to Korsar, and thence goes on to Roskilde, where sleep the great kings and potentates almost from time immemorial in the cathedral, which has been called "The Westminster Abbey of Denmark."

THE WESTMINSTER ABBEY OF DENMARK: Roskilde Cathedral with its slender spires



A COPENHAGEN GEM NOT IN COPENHAGEN WARE: A bronze figure of great charm just outside the Danish metropolis

And thus to Copenhagen, one of the brightest, cleanest, most happy and charming of capitals in which we have during many wanderings found ourselves. Here the few ancient buildings which have survived the conflagrations of the past; the docks, and above all the lesser quays, alongside which the picturesque fishing-boats lie; the markets, and the general life of the city provide much interest and charm, and many alluring subjects for artists and photographers. The gardens of the old Rosenborg Palace, now a museum of art and vertu, are charming, especially in lilac time and when the laburnums, which the Danes call "golden rain," are in full bloom.

Outside Copenhagen along the pleasant road which skirts the Sound one comes at last to Kronborg Castle, within sight of Helsingborg and the Swedish coast.

The road lies in early summer through lanes of lilac, may, and laburnum, past little bathing beaches, tree-clad points jutting out into the Sound, and numberless pretty villas belonging to Copenhagen people, who love yachting and sea-bathing.

In this portion of Zeeland there are many interesting places to visit, set amid a delightful countryside with woods and lakes. Indeed south-west of Elsinore is some of the most beautiful scenery in the whole of Denmark, and amid this stands Fredensborg, nestling on the shores of charming Lake Esrom, with its fine palace built in 1720 by Frederik IV in the Italian style to commemorate the peace which ended the war between Denmark and Sweden. The wonderful park is noted for its sylvan beauties, reminding one in a measure of the beautiful parklands of some of the English counties.

And but a few miles away is Hilleröd, a little town owing its existence chiefly to the vicinity of the magnificent Frederiksborg Castle, built by Frederik II somewhat on the lines of the Rosenborg Castle in Copenhagen. It is a magnificent building situated upon three small islands in the western side of a lake which gives it added charm.

Hamlet's castle at Elsinore will disappoint those who come to it and expect to find a medieval, battlemented stronghold, grim and grey as the tragedy of the Prince of Denmark. But for the artist and architect this beautiful Renaissance château — the finest in Denmark, and certainly one of the finest in Northern Europe — will have many attractions.

Though Elsinore may in a sense be called the Ultima Thule of Denmark, it is by no means the end of Denmark's attractive features or beautiful and abiding things. There is yet the western side of Zeeland to explore and the northern portion of Jutland. Here, too, is that fascinating seaside resort, Skagen, drenched in sunshine, with its wonderful stretches of sandy beaches, fine air, and bright and gay life.

"Thrillers" by Abdulla

THE SMILING TERROR.

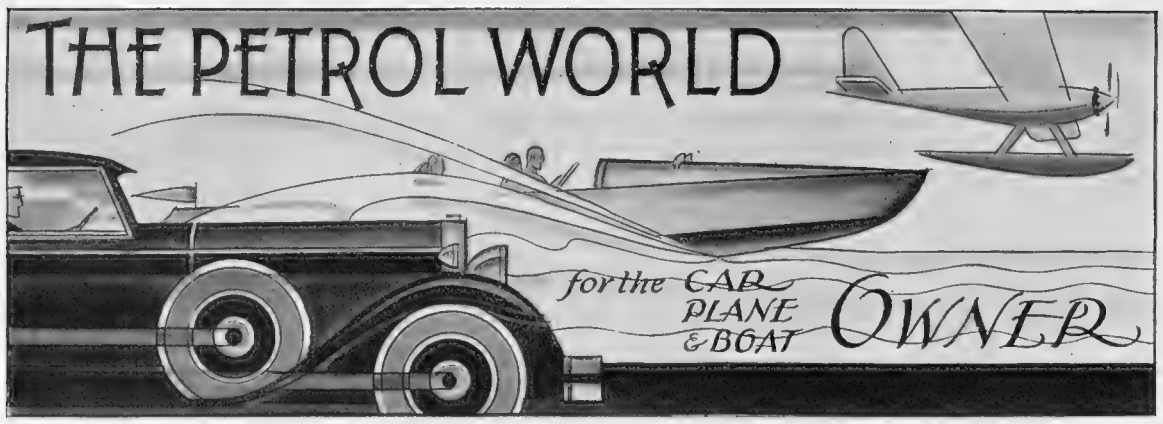
Harold paid a visit at his Cousin's invitation
To "The Gibbet" miles from anywhere,
Cunning Captain Throttle a most shady Poor Relation,
Was the wealthy Harold's only Heir;
Through the faded smoking-room both sinister and creepy,
Rang a growl like thunder—"What was that?"
Captain Throttle answered "Dear old Boy you must be sleepy—
"It is just the mewing of a cat!" . . . .

Drugged and battered Harold woke to find himself hobnobbing
With a Tiger in a secret den,
Harold smoked Abdulla since his heart was madly throbbing,
And the Great Beast loved him there and then!
When the wicked Cousin drew the iron bolts next morning
He was slain and eaten at a bound!
Harold lit up gaily and the Tiger meekly fawning
Dogged his footsteps like a faithful Hound.

F. R. HOLMES.

ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES

VIRGINIA TURKISH EGYPTIAN



Conducted by A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.C.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and Special Motoring Correspondent of "The Sphere")

THE BROOKLANDS AIR DISPLAY.—Up to a week ago I had never been in an aeroplane. In this enlightened age I felt that my total lack of experience in aircraft was a distinction, because I seldom find any friend or acquaintance who has not flown. A few weeks ago, in my official capacity as Manager of the Brooklands Aerodrome, the Brooklands Automobile Racing Club, in conjunction with the Brooklands School of Flying, organized an Air Display which was attended by over 7,000 people. As there are so many similar events all round the country publicity for this was confined to the vicinity of the Aerodrome and the number that was present is true evidence of the interest which flying has for the man in the street.

Many people who have not attended these Air Displays may imagine that they are simply circus performances, and only pander to some of the lowest instincts of mankind. True there are many thrills, but these shows have a definite educational value, otherwise I am sure that such distinguished visitors as Lord Thomson, Secretary of State for Air, Sir Sefton Brancker, and Col. The Master of Semphill would not have made a special point of attending this particular meeting. I also feel certain that there were many members of the public, like myself and my groups of friends, who came away at the end of the day, not only impressed by what we had seen but full of the enthusiasm to "grow wings." I found that ladies even were smitten with a bad attack of air-mindedness.

A TRUSTED PILOT.—As regards my own particular case, which I am sure is similar to thousands or millions of others, I had long ago decided that the modern aeroplane was no more dangerous to its occupants than a motor-car on the Portsmouth Road on a Sunday. Yet I will confess that I have always been nervous of taking to the air, my caution being prompted by the difficulty I experienced in finding a pilot whom I could depend upon not to play tricks with me. Like most people who drive a motor-car for over 20,000 miles a year, my nerves are all on edge when I find myself occupying a passenger seat. I therefore visualized to myself that my debut into the air might be attended by a spectacular loop in which I should have been an unwilling and very frightened participant. My eyes and ears have therefore for a long time been on the alert to see or hear of a pilot whose skill and whose character could be trusted to give a mere motorist like myself a perfectly straight flight without any frills. Since I have been down at Brooklands I have come into contact with Captain H. D. Davis of the Brooklands School of Flying, and in him I saw the one man whom I knew I could trust not to take liberties with me on my initial flight.

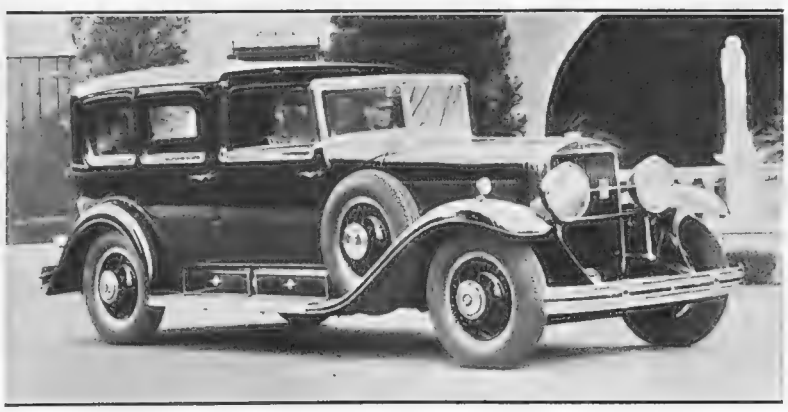
On Sunday, May 25, Messrs. Auto-Auctions gave an aerial display to members and friends of the Junior Car Club at Heston Air Park, and I suggested to Captain Davis that this would be an opportunity for me to have my baptism. Needless to say he acquiesced, and through the courtesy of Lieut.-Colonel Saunders of Auto-Auctions, Limited, a side-by-side two-seater Blue Bird aeroplane was at my disposal on the Brooklands Aerodrome at the appointed time. There must be among my readers of THE SPHERE many who have not yet been up in the air, and the impressions of my first flight may, therefore, interest them. First of all I should say that my anticipations were very different from my realizations. I thought that I should be deafened with noise, covered with oil, my head blown off with the wind, my body frozen stiff, I should be sea-sick, and when the machine took off and landed the earth would suddenly retreat or meet me with a bang.

THE COMFORT OF MODERN FLYING.—It was a wretched cold day, raining at most times, yet I started off in the Blue Bird with no more wrapping than a Burberry coat which I had worn whilst motoring, and the only addition to my ordinary clothing was a cloth close-fitting flying helmet. Off we started, and the balloon tyres on the landing-wheels of the aeroplane made riding over the aerodrome as smooth as riding in a Rolls-Royce on a billiard table. For the life of me I could not tell the exact moment when the machine left the ground, and I certainly did not notice *terra firma* suddenly leaving me. Having plenty of time, my pilot took me round Windsor at about a thousand feet, and after cruising over the countryside we eventually landed at Heston Air Park. Here again there was no sudden dive to earth, there was no bump—in fact I again could not tell when we actually settled on the ground. I was surprised to find that my hearing was quite normal once I took the helmet off, and I was no dirtier than usual. I was certainly not cold or sick, in fact so far as I could see even in an open machine one could wear less clothes and be more comfortable than motoring in an open car.

On the return journey Captain Davis took me in the new Moth belonging to the Brooklands Aero Club. Here I sat in front of the pilot, and it was raining hard during the whole of the trip. We circled and finally landed at Hanworth, and having inspected the palatial club rooms, took off again and returned to Brooklands. On the Moth one certainly could tell by a slight noise when ground was reached, but in this instance I did not suffer any of the inconvenience that I had anticipated any more than I did in the Blue Bird. It was all intensely interesting, and although I have not the slightest knowledge how to control a machine, I should say that once you were up it is a far more boring entertainment than controlling a car. What amazed me more than anything else was the manner in which the aeroplane could annihilate distance, and it is in this respect that I see the great future for the air. Although I was not very high, the earth below looked just like a coloured map, and once the novelty has worn off I cannot imagine anyone going up in a 'plane just for the pure pleasure of travelling, as one would take out a car. Scenery is practically non-existent, the beauty of trees, the grandeur of the hills, and the marvellous landscape are lost; but it is the utility aspect which is going to make flying the future means of travelling. When Captain Davis told me that from Brooklands to Liverpool means a drive of about an hour and a half I began to realize that the aeroplane is a distinct step forward as compared with a car when time has to be saved.

I think everyone should make a trial flight, and as I have pointed out, the only fear is as regards the pilot, as anyone on their first trip would, I am sure, be scared to death if they were looped or made to do other spectacular stunts against their will. Considering that one can now buy a Moth aeroplane for under £600, and it will travel, so I am told, approximately twenty miles to the gallon of petrol, it seems to me that economical flying has arrived, particularly as distance in the air is as the crow flies.

The Above Have Arrived!—The inconvenience of reaching England's race-courses is totally eliminated by ringing up Minerva Hire, Ltd., of Chenies Street, W.C., whereupon a 1930 chaffeur-serviced Minerva will be at your service



An American Aristocrat.—An example of America's most luxurious car, the Cadillac Fleetbourne model, which is a transformable limousine brougham for town or country use

A FACTORY OF SAFETY.—Last Wednesday I attended the opening ceremony of the new Pyrene factory on the Great West Road. This impressive and picturesque factory is probably the most up-to-date industrial building in this country. Hundreds of guests were invited and attended the opening ceremony, which was carried out by the Rt. Hon. Lord Brentford. Lord Brentford remarked during his speech after the luncheon that fire extinction is a matter which concerns everyone and is a subject of the utmost importance to the nation. The number of deaths per year due to fire was quite alarming, and therefore any firm such as the Pyrene Company, Limited, whose business it is to put out fires before they get really serious, deserves not only the support but the thanks of everyone in this country. After the luncheon practical demonstrations of the efficiency of the Phomene, a Pyrene product, was given. A huge tank of oil was set alight and the flames and smoke reached a hundred feet in the air. Phomene was then allowed to pour on to the surface of the burning oil, and with amazing rapidity the conflagration was extinguished. I do not think Pyrene can be in any way bettered, as it is well-nigh perfect, but if it is possible I am sure that their new up-to-date factory will help to make it more than ever the most efficient product of its kind.

THE CHOICE OF AN EXPERT.—There was a stir in Coventry the other day when an unexpected aeroplane was seen circling over the Whitley Aerodrome. A few minutes later it landed and the two occupants alighted. Excitement became intense when it was realized that one of them was none other than Captain C. D. Barnard, whose successful flight with the Duchess of Bedford to South Africa and back is still fresh in the public's memory. The reason for his arrival was soon explained. Immediately after his return from South Africa he had placed an order for a Rover Meteor car, and he heard by post that morning that it was ready for him. He at once collected a friend and flew over to Coventry, having telephoned the manufacturers that he would be landing at the Whitley Aerodrome in about an hour's time. After lunch Captain Barnard made a tour of the works, where he closely examined the various processes of manufacture. He then took a trial run in his new car, and on his return stated that he was delighted with its performance. A few minutes later he climbed into his machine and set off towards London, having made arrangements for the car to be delivered by road.

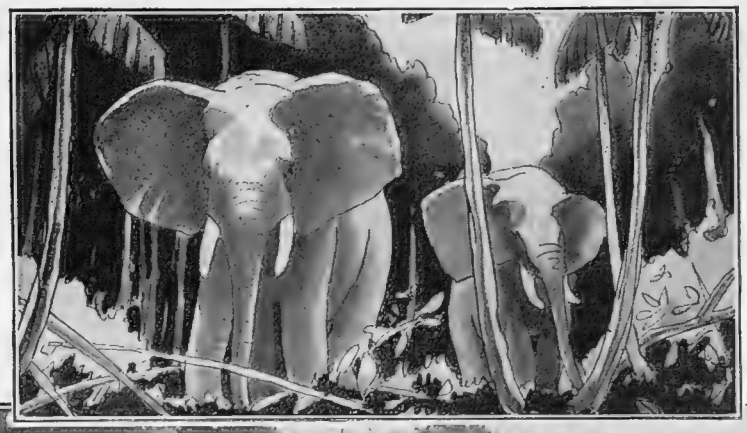
THE 24-HOURS' GRAND PRIX D'ENDURANCE AT LE MANS.—Rumours have recently appeared in the Press that Bentleys might withdraw their entry for the above race owing to a difference in opinion with the Paris Salon authorities. The Directors have considered this matter and have definitely decided that Bentley cars will participate, in view of the long standing and very happy relations which have always existed between Bentley Motors, Limited, and the Automobile Club De l'Ouest, the promoters of the Le Mans Race. The team will consist of three 6½-litre cars driven by the following: Captain Woolf Barnato, F. C. Clement, S. C. H. Davis, Clive Dunfee, Lt.-Com. Glen Kidston, R.N., and George Duller. In addition the Hon. Dorothy Paget has selected a team of three supercharged 4½-litre Bentleys to represent her. They will be under the control of Captain H. R. S. Birkin.

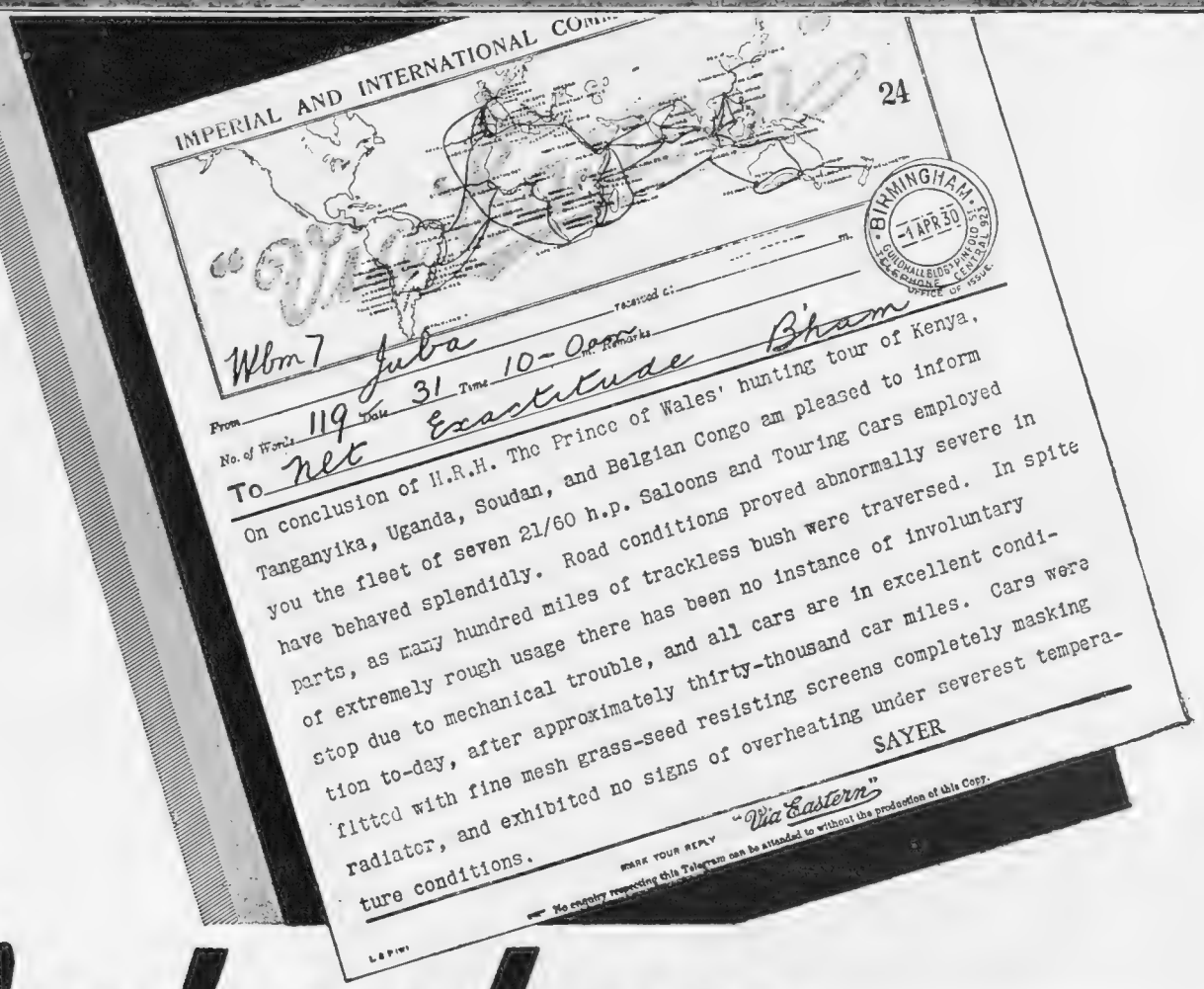
A NEW BRITISH ALLOY.—The Rolls-Royce engines in Sir Henry Segrave's new boat, *Miss England II.*, are largely constructed of the recently discovered aluminium alloy known as Hiduminium R.R. 50, and their performance will be keenly watched by those who realize the importance of this revolutionary metal. Evolved in the Rolls-Royce laboratories, R.R. 50 was one of the secrets of the engines which won the Schneider Trophy for this country last September. Though originally designed to give 875 h.p., each unit was lightened and modified until it delivered nearly 2,000 b.h.p. with a power-weight ratio of 12 oz. per brake-horse-power—an amazing figure for a water-cooled engine; and this with an even greater factor of reliability than before, thanks to the adoption of the new metal. The reason is that R.R. 50 is not only lighter and tougher than former aluminium alloys; it has many times their resistance to "fatigue" under the stress of heat and prolonged vibration. The engines

(Continued on following page)

"On Safari"

The following Cablegram was received by Wolseley Motors (1927) Ltd., who were honoured with a command from H.R.H. The Prince of Wales to supply Wolseley Cars for his recent safari in East Africa.





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24

BIRMINGHAM 1 APR 30 GUILDHALL BLDGS PINFOLD ST. TELEPHONE CENTRAL 923 OFFICE OF ISSUE

From Wbm 7 Juba received at

No. of Words 119 Date 31 Time 10-0am Remarks

To Net Exactitude B'ham

On conclusion of H.R.H. The Prince of Wales' hunting tour of Kenya, Tanganyika, Uganda, Soudan, and Belgian Congo am pleased to inform you the fleet of seven 21/60 h.p. Saloons and Touring Cars employed have behaved splendidly. Road conditions proved abnormally severe in parts, as many hundred miles of trackless bush were traversed. In spite of extremely rough usage there has been no instance of involuntary stop due to mechanical trouble, and all cars are in excellent condition to-day, after approximately thirty-thousand car miles. Cars were fitted with fine mesh grass-seed resisting screens completely masking radiator, and exhibited no signs of overheating under severest temperature conditions.

SAYER

MARK YOUR REPLY "Via Eastern"

No enquiry respecting this Telegram can be attended to without the production of this Copy.

Wolseley

cars proved their worth

WOLSELEY MOTORS (1927) LTD., WARD END, BIRMINGHAM

Governing Director: Sir William R. Morris, Bt.

In the Fields of Memories: Although most parts of the War area have been reconstructed, Thiepval Château, on the Somme, is in the same state as when the fighting passed over it in 1916. This 16/50-h.p. Humber saloon is actually standing in one of the "reception rooms"

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Continued from preceding page)

A Rover of the Air and a Rover of the Land: Captain C. D. Barnard, the well-known airman, recently flew to Coventry in his Moth aeroplane to take delivery of his new Rover Meteor saloon. He is here seen with the Rover Sales Manager at Whitley Aerodrome

in *Miss England* are very similar to those of the historic S. 6 seaplanes which successfully withstood the terrific strains of flying for long periods at over 350 m.p.h., but in the boat an even greater power output, and consequently lower weight per horse-power, is being obtained from them. Another feature of R.R. 50 is that it is actually cheaper to produce than former alloys—in other words it is eminently a commercial proposition—and already, it is stated officially, inquiries from Continental countries have been so numerous and valuable that the licensees (High Duty Alloys, Ltd.) have found it necessary to open an office in Paris to deal with the growing foreign business in the new metal.

THE MEETING OF TWO EXTREMES.—Jewellers complain lugubriously that the motor trade has killed their business, and indeed it would be hard to find any two other industries which are so far removed, yet which, pre-war and post-war, have absorbed the surplus wealth of the population. The motor-car, of course, has now become part of our lives, but primarily it was a luxury vehicle, bought with money which would previously have been devoted, to a large extent, to the purchase of jewellery and precious stones. It will be but a small consolation to the jeweller, however, to learn that diamonds are used in the manufacture of the motor-car! The diamond-studded instrument board has yet to become the vogue, but in the Rover works, at any rate, diamonds are used to put the final polish on pistons. Diamond turning of the pistons is speedy and cheap—despite the first cost of the tool. It compresses the surface of the aluminium into a hard skin, closes the pores of the metal, and allows the operator to work to very fine limits. The result is a piston which is dead accurate and which will resist the effects of maltreatment when new. So the jewellery trade, after all, is assisting its hated rival in the production of the perfect motor-car!

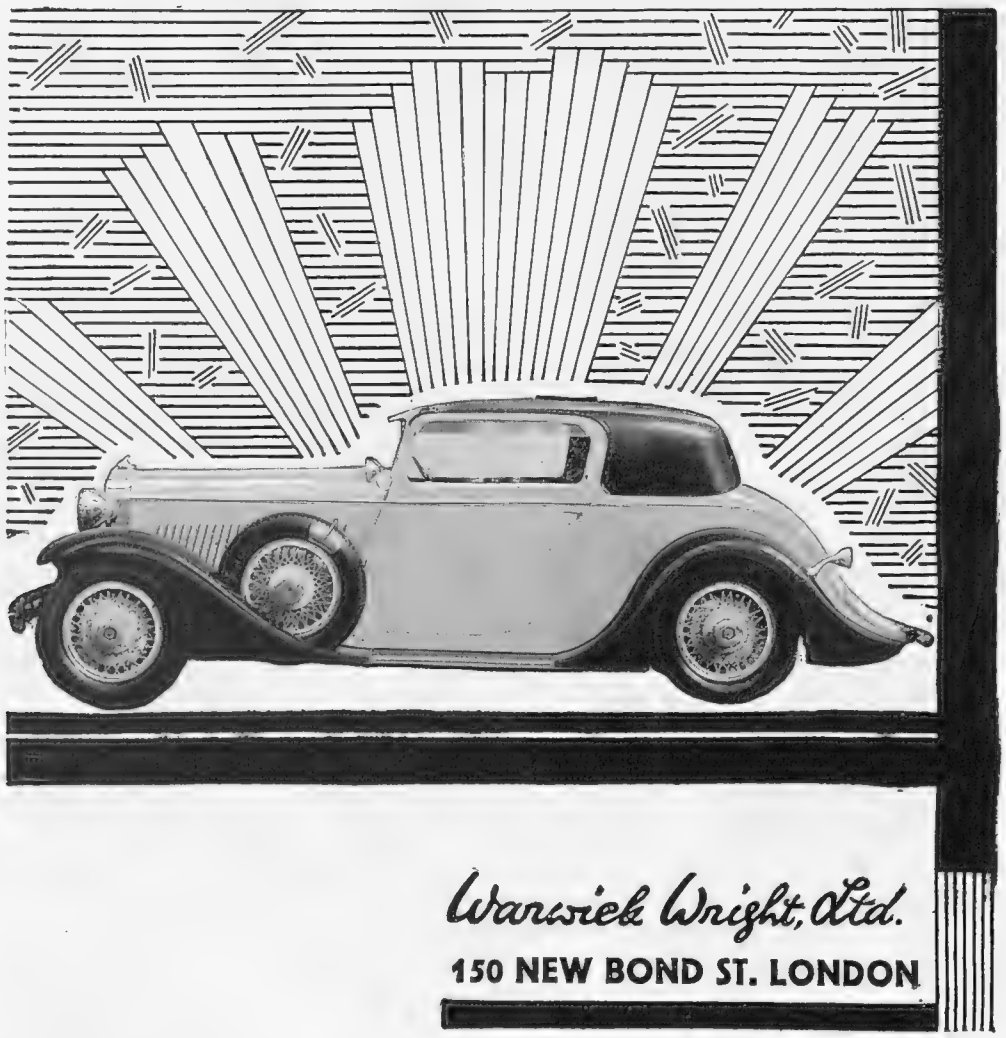
NEW BRAKE-LININGS WHILE YOU WAIT.—It is probable that if the job of re-lining brake shoes did not take so long a time the number of motorists driving cars with defective brakes would be very much reduced. In these busy days it is seldom that the cost of a repair is of first consideration. The modern motorist is lost without his car, and he will often run it to death rather than be deprived of it for more than a few hours. Re-lining brakes of the ordinary type must necessarily take several hours—if not days—and brakes are thus often left until they reach the danger point. A scheme for speedy repairs in this department, therefore, is one which contributes substantially towards the safety of motoring. Such a scheme has just been inaugurated by the Bendix Brake Company.

There are many thousands of cars fitted with Bendix brakes in this country alone, and the new owners of these can now have their brakes equipped with new linings—while they wait. In order to speed up the work the shoes are not re-lined but are exchanged for new shoes and linings, credit being given for the old shoes provided they are undamaged. This has the additional merit of ensuring that the linings used are of the correct type and are perfectly fitted, since the actual re-lining operation is always carried out at the works in Birmingham, whilst the very speed with which the replacements are effected benefits the motorist.

Despite the many makes and varied types of cars using Bendix brakes, there are actually only four standard brake sizes, and the repairer is therefore not called upon to carry large stocks. Garages throughout the country are now being appointed under the scheme, so that shortly the owner of a car fitted with these brakes will be able to get "new shoes for old" in any town or village.

NEWS AND NOTES.—I understand from the Rover Co., Ltd., that their Light-Six model as well as their Two-Litre model, can now be fitted with a four-speed gear-box, the extra charge being £7. If this refinement is required, notification should be given before the car is delivered, because the alteration cannot be made, for technical reasons, once the three-speed box has been fitted.

A new gear oil is announced by C. C. Wakefield and Co., Ltd., to be sold at the same price as the Castrol S gear oil, which it is to replace. The new oil will be known as Castrol Swanshot S. It is a full bodied oil and yet it remains fluid at as low a temperature as 10 degrees (Fahrenheit) below freezing point. It is recommended not only for gear-boxes, but for back axles, both of which parts it preserves from wear, even when starting up on cold mornings. Incidentally it maintains its viscosity up to the highest working temperatures. As a chassis lubricant it is also recommended.



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AMAZING SOLO FLIGHT
in a D. H. GIPSY MOTH!

(Standard, except for extra tankage)

This English heroine of the air, the only girl to hold an Air Ministry Ground Engineer's Certificate, chose Wakefield CASTROL XXL for her daring flight across deserts, jungles and miles of open sea.

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The Odyssey of Amy Johnson, C.B.E.

A Personal Narrative Given Here by Kind Permission of "The Times"

FLOWERS OF FELICITATION: Miss Johnson in shorts beside her 'plane, "Jason," at Karachi

At 4.30 p.m. on May 11, before the inhabitants of a certain Indian plain station had aroused themselves from their afternoon search for sleep, an aeroplane appeared out of the skies. It circled round the station twice, appeared to land, rose again, and departed in an easterly direction.

About half-an-hour later, the station now being awake again, the colonel, standing on his veranda, undecided whether to ride or watch the hockey match, suddenly espied the 'plane coming from the east. As he watched it he saw that all was not well with it. Hastily he gathered twigs and dry grass and attempted to light a fire, hoping that the column of smoke would indicate the wind's direction and help the aviator to land.

But it was too late—the 'plane was down. Down on the regimental parade ground and charging at high speed towards the barracks. It twisted its way round trees, barely missed an iron telegraph post, scattered a group of men waiting to mount guard, smashed into the name board outside the regimental office, and then came to rest wedged between two of the barrack buildings. There was a race to reach it.

From the cockpit climbed a figure. It was a girl—young, almost a child, fair, wearing only a shirt, an ill-fitting pair of khaki shorts, socks and shoes, and a flying helmet. The skin on her face, arms, and legs was burnt and blistered by the sun, and tears were not far from her tired eyes. The colonel, advancing towards the unexpected visitor with a welcoming smile, said "Good afternoon, Miss Johnson!"

"I am two days ahead of Bert Hinkler's time so far, she said, "and now I'm afraid everything is ruined." Inspection of the 'plane, however, revealed that the damage was not irreparable, and a new light of battle appeared in her eyes.

There was much to be done. The broken wing must be mended, the old oil replaced by new, petrol procured and poured into the almost empty tanks. Nuts and screws must be tightened and adjusted and the sparking-plugs changed. By this time a little army of willing helpers had collected and each proudly played his small part in this epic of the air.

CABLES OF CONGRATULATION: Miss Johnson gets her first taste of fame at Calcutta

About 9 p.m. a halt was called. Miss Johnson was rushed in a car to a bungalow near by, where a bath and a change of clothing awaited her. Then dinner—no elaborate banquet. "I left London six days ago," she said, "and haven't once had more than three hours' sleep." And a little later, "This is my first meal to-day." Wine was passed round and a simple toast was drunk to the heroine. The mess visitors' book was produced, and for the first time a woman's name was inscribed on its pages.

Then back to the cars and up to the Line to make all ready for an early start the next morning. A small crowd of Indian women had collected round the 'plane. They begged that this "Miss Sahib" would just touch them with her hand, a request which, tired as she was, Miss Johnson cheerfully acceded to. Then while she slept on a chair, later replaced by a "charpoy," mere man proved himself capable of filling-up with the 42 gallons of aviation spirit — and all was ready.

Refreshed by sleep, cheered by the goodwill and heartfelt admiration of her fellow-countrymen, early the next morning Miss Amy Johnston made a perfect take-off for her next hop to Calcutta.

"IT IS QUITE AN ORDINARY FLIGHT," said Miss Johnson at Dum Dum Aerodrome, Calcutta

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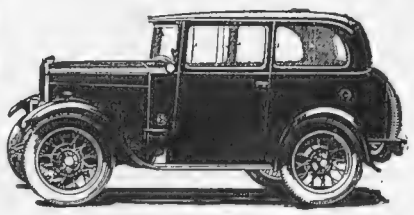

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TRIUMPH *Super Seven.*

Lucas electrical equipment and Dunlop Tyres standard.

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The Finest Whisky on 'Record'

STOCKTAKING *at the* LONDON ZOO

HORSES OF THE RIVER: Bobby and Joan, who are valued at £1,600 for the pair

Stocktaking seems to most people so eminently mercantile a matter that there appears to be an element of incongruity in learning that the Zoological Society has recently finished its stocktaking, an annual proceeding to determine the value of the collection from the point of view of what the animals would fetch if they had to be sold—a comparatively low estimate when compared with what would have to be paid did they have to be purchased.

For the purposes of stocktaking each keeper makes a report of the animals in his care to the Overseer to the Curator, who puts the prices on them for the balance sheet.

Pride of place has been awarded this year to an Indian rhinoceros, on whose head a price of £1,000 has been placed. Next highest in value is the hippopotamus, of which there are two specimens, each valued at £800. There are four pygmy hippopotami which are worth £400 each.

The Indian elephant, of which there are five, figure at £600 each, while the only specimen of an African elephant in the Gardens is rated at £700. The reason for this difference is that the African elephant is harder to get and is therefore more unusual in captivity, while it is not domesticated as it is in India; in other words, it is not so well trained for the work, such as hauling timber, etc., usually associated with these animals.

The tigers are priced at £100 each and the lions at half this amount. Among the rarer animals mention must be made of the takin, which is probably considerably undervalued at £200, the reason being that the people who would be likely to buy it are few and far between. Certainly this animal, which is a native of Tibet and is believed to be only the third to be exported from that country, could not be bought in the open market for anything like that price. It stands four feet high and has a certain resemblance to an overgrown goat.

Hardly less rare is the echidna. It is a sort of ant-eater, and is so rare that the specimen at the Zoo is probably the only one in captivity in the world at the present time.

The most expensively priced among the birds are the wattled crane and the King penguins, valued at £75 each. The latter are not as large as the Emperor penguins which have figured in Admiral Byrd's Expedition to the Antarctic, and the quest of which and their eggs formed the object for what was called "the worst journey in the world" during the last Scott Expedition.

THE MOST VALUABLE BEAST IN THE ZOO: An Indian rhinoceros valued at £1,000 despite the shortness of his horn

WORTH SEVENTY POUNDS STERLING: The great ant-eater, which has only a tiny brain

The cheapest of the birds are reckoned at 15s. each, and include the small ones like the finches.

Among the reptiles one of the rarest is the Komodo dragon, a gigantic lizard some 8 ft. in length, which takes its name from its island habitation. It is probably worth anywhere between £75 to £100. It is, however, not the property of the Zoological Society but is on deposit.

The pythons range in value from £40 to £50 each, but the other reptiles, large and small, are priced at from £3 to £4.

Altogether, the population of the gardens is made up of—

Mammals	942
Birds	1,976
Reptiles	1,177
	4,095

and their value is £37,256 17s. 6d., the largest estimate ever made.

The care of all these creatures is entrusted to four overseers who have under them 24 keepers of the first class, 16 of the second class, 12 of the third class, and 32 helpers. These, with various working men and gardeners, bring the employees, as a rule, to something like 180 men. This number, however, does not include the professional staff of experts, which, however, does not number more than 12.

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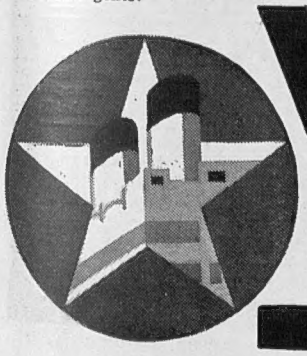

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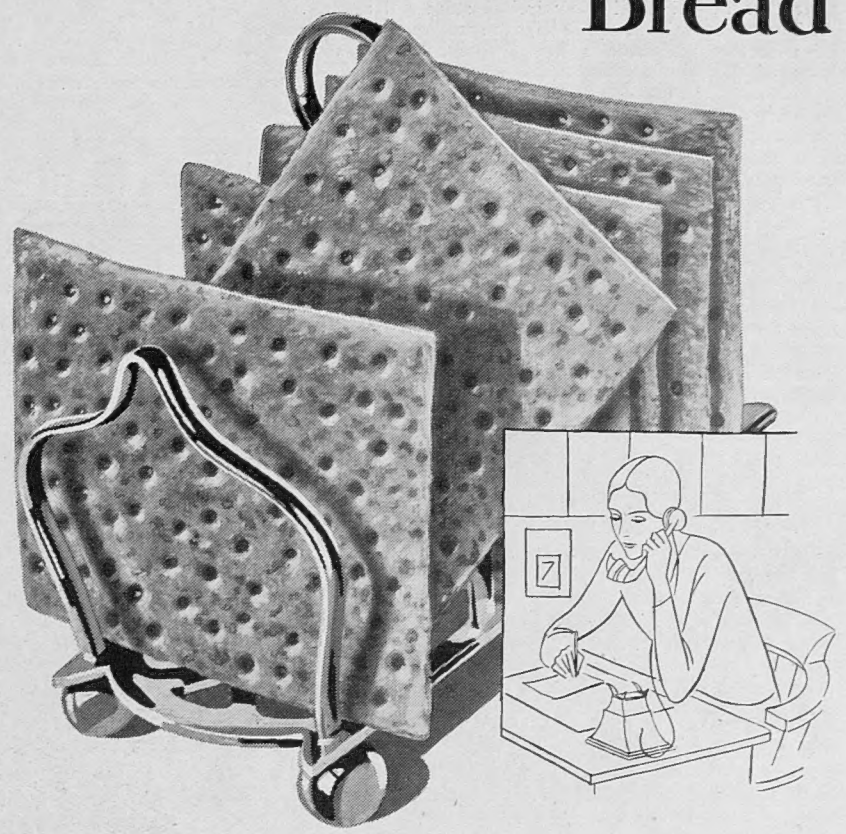
Service Advertising

Letters from Mary Goodbody

The Breadwinner's Bread



My dearest Beatrice,

What you tell me about your job is very interesting. Of course you're quite right to try to make yourself indispensable to them; but *at all costs* you must look after your health, and I don't like to hear that at your age you're getting indigestion and what you describe as a "heavy" feeling inside.

If I were you I should go in for Vita-Weat in place of ordinary bread or toast. Then you won't be clogging yourself with masses of unconverted starch (I got that from Dr. Jones), which your system can't cope with and which only help you to put on fat. Vita-Weat contains nothing but the whole-wheat berry, and though it's full of goodness it keeps your inside right and your figure slim. And you'll simply love its "scrunchiness" and ripe-corn flavour . . . . .

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THE THEATRICAL GARDEN PARTY

On the afternoon of June 20 all roads will lead to Chelsea, where the annual Theatrical Garden Party takes place in the Royal Hospital Gardens. This is the one day in the year on which the theatrical profession makes an appeal for its own and very deserving charity—the Actors' Orphanage. Preparations are already well in hand for this important event, and the items promised are even more extensive and varied than hitherto. Sir Gerald du Maurier will again present his now famous "Grand Giggle" show and the B.B.C. are providing an immense cabaret tea at which all the wireless stars will appear. The Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, are running a complete fair with the principals in *The Three Musketeers* in charge of the roundabouts, shooting galleries, and the various fair games. Forty other side shows under the direction of all the leading actors and actresses are promised, with thousands of really valuable prizes. A ticket bought before the day giving the entry to this wonderful show costs only 3s. from the offices of the Actors' Orphanage, 8, Adam Street, Adelphi; on the day itself the price is 5s.

FOR THE CONNOISSEUR

Few wines, if any, have made such strides in popularity during recent years as Bollinger's Special Cuvee champagne. It possesses fine and uniform quality, and has the merit of being obtainable at a reasonable price as compared with vintage wines. It can be confidently recommended not only for home use but for all social functions—dinners, suppers, dances, receptions, and race meetings—and is obtainable from all leading wine merchants. The name of Bollinger is always associated with high quality.

A NOTABLE GOLF COMPETITION

The Villa d'Este Country Club, Montorfano, has just completed its Spring Meeting. In the loveliest of surroundings and a week of the most perfect of weather, a golf competition was held. The winners of the flag competition were: (1) Miss Falconer; (2) Mr. Hixon. Other winners were Mr. G. Sancossani, Mr. L. Bernasconi, Mme de Bergh (who won three prizes), Mr. C. M. Scott (who won two), Mr. W. Dombre, Mrs. Haldinstein, Signor Beresini, Major Davenport, and Signor Crevelli.

A PLEASANT GIFT

Messrs. Carrera's, the famous tobacco firm, have long been known as the most generous of "couponeers." Their latest offer is that of a beautifully-enamelled mahogany model speed-boat. It is 18 in. long, and is fitted with a strong spring motor. It gives a good long run at a rare burst of speed. It is given for 250 Black Cat coupons. Parents and elder brothers in many families will doubtless be importuned to smoke Black Cats at a rapid rate.

ITEMS of General INTEREST

FOR SWEET CHARITY

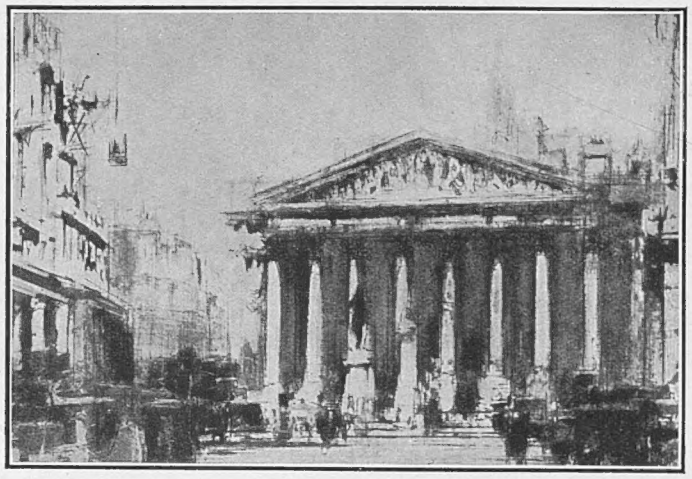
An interesting compendium of recipes has been compiled by Ethel Parmeter, the chairman of the Ladies' Committee of the Fleming Memorial Hospital, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The institution, which deals only with children patients, is sadly in need of funds. To alleviate some portion of the distress, Mrs. Parmeter has decided to devote to it the proceeds of the sales from her book. The half-crown that it costs is not only a donation to an excellent cause but is an investment of equal worth. Some of the dishes were evolved in the Savoy kitchens while others derive from Escoffier and Jules. Copies are obtainable both from Mrs. Parmeter, 19, Osborne Avenue, Newcastle-on-Tyne, or from the Matron of the Hospital.

TOSCANINI

On everybody's lips to-day, be he a musical wiseacre or the man in the street, is the name of Toscanini, hailed as the chief of all conductors and now about to make his first professional appearance in England. On Sunday last in the presence of the King and Queen he appeared at the Royal Albert Hall with his incomparable company of master musicians, the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of New York. In conjunction with this epoch, "His Master's Voice" has put forth special and highly successful efforts to issue to the public four superb gramophone records in order that every home can have its Toscanini festival of the divine melodies of Mozart and Verdi. The entire appeal is universal and these are enchanting discs to play over and over again, a feast for ever and a fitting memento of the most notable musical celebration of modern times. The Toscanini records are the Prelude to Acts 1 and 3 of Verdi's *La Traviata*, the four movements of Mozart's Symphony No. 35 in D Major, and the "Dance of the Blessed Spirits" from Gluck's *Orpheus*.

Other important works now issued include the popular Bacchanale from *Samson and Delilah* and the Rakoczy March, generally known as the Hungarian March, both deliciously rendered by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra under that martinet of the baton, Leopold Stokowski. The chorus and orchestra of the Berlin State Opera House contribute the "Benediction of the Poignards" (*The Huguenots*) one of the most effective of opera scenes. Dr. Malcolm Sargent and the Symphony Orchestra follow up their brilliant renderings of "Finlandia" and "Ruy Blas" with Schubert's fascinating Rosamunde overture and Brahm's spirited Hungarian Dance. The greatest string quartet of all time, the Flonzaley, bring out to the full the moving beauty of Mozart's Quartet No. 2 in D Minor.

It is meet that the first singing film by John McCormack, "Song o' my Heart," should be recorded and "His Master's Voice" are well to the fore with six songs by the great Irish tenor and two by Lilian Davies. Other film hits are two ditties by John Boles from "Song of the West" this dashing tenor thus making his debut with the Gramophone Company.



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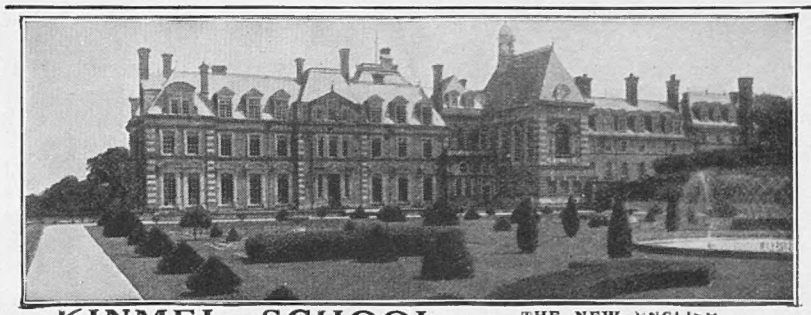

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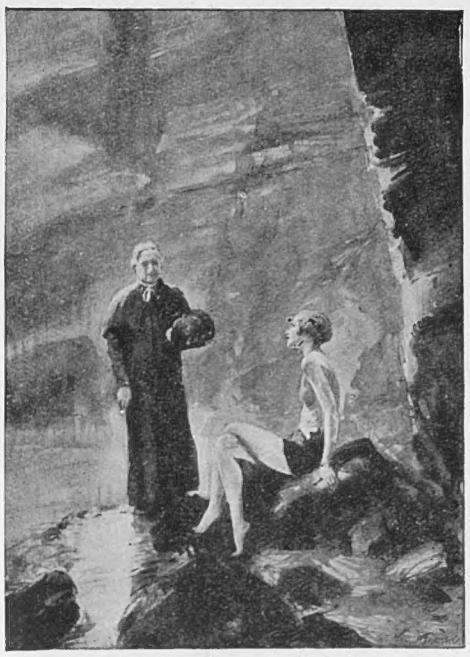
TWENTIETH CENTURY

Stories Opinions Fashions



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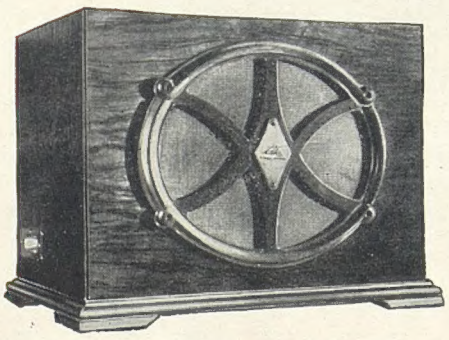

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